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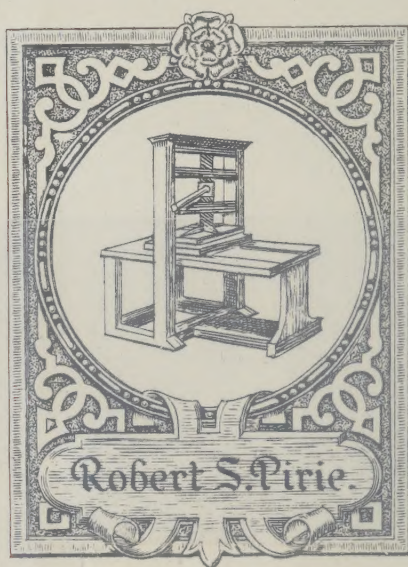
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MIRACLE
PLAYS.











gift of John Fleming
6 Oct '83

COLLIER (John Payne) Works Edited by :—

FIVE MIRACLE PLAYS, or Scriptural Dramas, Privately Printed under the care of J. Payne Collier, F.S.A., sm. 8vo, London, 1836

Collation : Title-page and Introduction, pp. iv : *The Harrowing of Hell*, pp. 16—*The Sacrifice of Abraham*, pp. 19—*The Adoration of the Shepherds*, pp. 44—*The Marriage of the Virgin*, pp. 24—*The Advent of Antichrist*, pp. 39—Glossary, pp. 4.

Only 25 copies printed.

The pieces contained in this volume are the oldest and perhaps the most curious of those strange productions which were the precursors of English dramatic Literature. *The Harrowing of Hell* is believed to be the most ancient production in a dramatic form, which has been preserved, in our language. The other pieces are worthy of attentive study ; but the most curious of them is *The Advent of Antichrist*, a quite unique production.

My copy of the above volume belonged to Sir Frederick Madden, who has much enhanced its value by various additions. It contains besides the pieces enumerated above, the following :—

The Harrowing of Hell, from a MS. in the Advo-

cate's Library, Edinburgh, Edited by David Laing, pp. 16.

— Another copy, proof sheets, with numerous corrections.

Three autograph letters from J. P. Collier to Sir F. Madden, with MS. remarks by the latter on Collier's inaccuracies, and on his obstinate adherence to his own notions, after F. M. had pointed out his mistakes to him.

An autograph letter from David Laing to Sir F. Madden, respecting his edition of *The Harrowing of Hell*.

Copy of a letter from Sir F. Madden to David Laing on the subject of his edition of *The Harrowing of Hell*.

It will be thus seen that the above is a valuable and indeed unique volume. According to Mr. Wheatley's "Notes on the Life of J. P. Collier," the British Museum copy of "Five Miracle Plays" does not contain *The Marriage of the Virgin*.

Dobell 1906 cat.

JOHN P. WOODBURY,
848 COMMONWEALTH AVE.,
BOSTON, MASS.

gift of John Fleming
6 Oct 63

of the town, and was universally liked and
spected. He died in 1831.

[COBB]—Extracts from the Diary and Letters
Mrs. Mary [redacted] 8vo, pp. xi, and 324, and
frontispiece (coat of arms) 3s 6d

Mrs. Cobb, the daughter of Thomas and Mary
Blackburne, was born in the Isle of Thanet
Nov. 22, 1773. She was married to Mr. Cobb
1794. She was a Baptist, and a woman of strong
religious feeling. Nearly all the extracts from
her diary and letters relate to her religious ex-
periences. She died in 1802.

[COCHRANE's (Alexander)] Poems, 8vo, pp. vii
and 88, 3s London, 18[redacted]

The author states, in the preface, that "only
twenty copies will be struck off;" his book there-
fore has the merit of rarity, if it has no other
merit. His poems indeed display poetic
powers, which however he had not fully de-

Books Printed

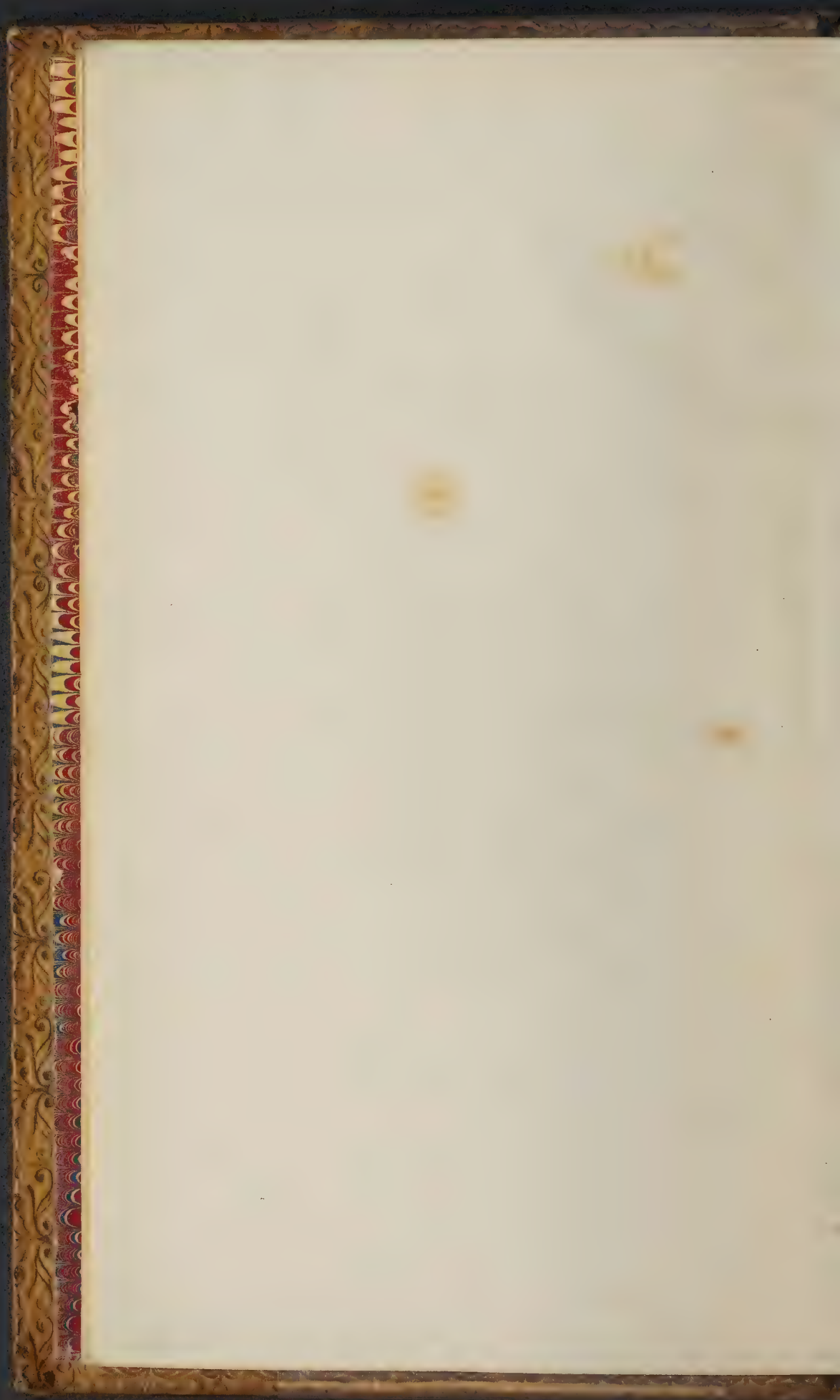
A FEW ODDS AND ENDS, for Cheerful Friends, A
Christmas Gift.....Printed for Private Circu-
lation only, 4to, title page, etc., 2 leaves and
pp. 52, 10s 6d 1870

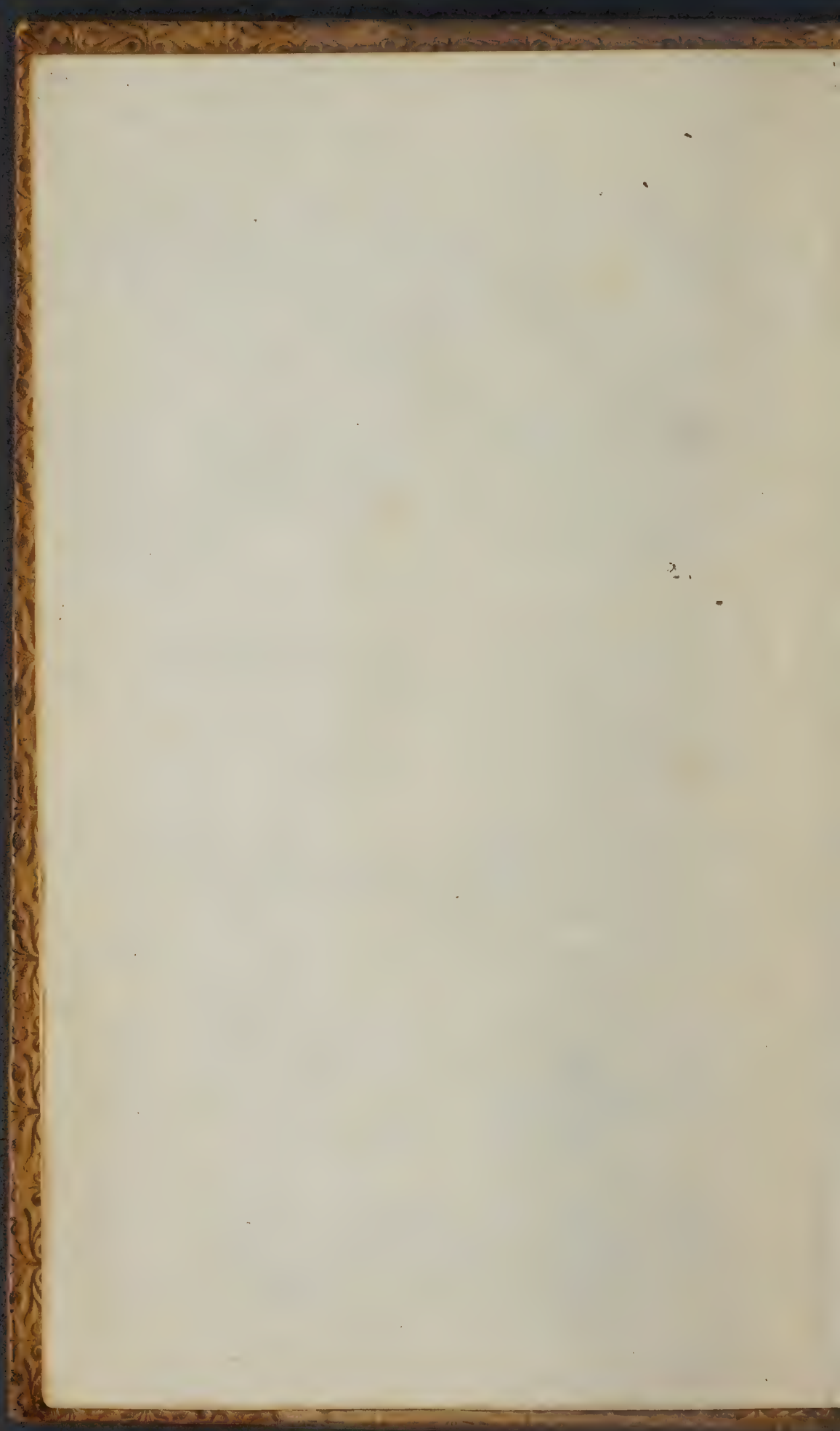
Mr. Collier states that these "Odds and Ends,"
were written between the ages of 18 and the
same figures reversed. The entirely original
pieces are comparatively few, most of the verses
in this collection being founded on materials
which the author found in the course of his read-
ing, and which seemed to him proper to be put
into rhyme. There is not much merit, it must
be owned, in Collier's poetry; but it is very un-
pretentious, and is not devoid of a pleasant de-
gree of humour or playfulness. I quote the first
piece in this small volume: it is a fair average
specimen, neither better nor worse than the
majority of Collier's verses:—

SPANISH GENEROSITY.

King Ferdinand asked Aben-amar, the Moor,
How he lived with such strength to the age of four score?
And his prisoner thus answered: "I held the rule good,
That when I could sit, I never have stood;
And, instead of now throwing myself at your feet,

JOHN P. WOODBURY,
348 COMMONWEALTH AVE.,
BOSTON, MASS.





Dear Sir Frederick

I beg your acceptance of one out of the only 25 copies I have had printed of the Miracle-play of the Harrowing of Hell. Any hints or corrections will be thankfully received by me.

Yours very sincerely

J. Payne Collier

25 Sutton Square
Jan'y 13th 1835.



THE
HARROWING OF HELL,

A
Miracle Play.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM

MS. HARL., 2253.

THIS is believed to be the most ancient production in a dramatic form in our language. The MS. from which it is now first printed is upon vellum, and is, certainly, as old as the reign of Edward III., ~~if not older~~. It probably formed one of a series of performances of the same kind, founded upon Scripture history.

The Prologue and Epilogue were delivered in his own person, by the Actor who had the part of the Saviour. The Prologue continues to the line "Harde gates hauy gon:" the Epilogue commences at the line "God, for is moder lone." The Dialogue between the nine characters, Dominus, Sathan, Janitor, Adam, Eve, Abraham, David, John the Baptist, and Moses, occupies the interval.

Some extracts have been given from this Miracle-play in the "History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," II., 213; but so remarkable a literary relic merits to be printed entire. According to the Appendix to Scott's *Sir Tristrem*, the Auchinleck MS. contains a copy of this production, but imperfect.

A few curious particulars, not included in "The History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," respecting the performance of Miracle-plays, may here be added.

The trading companies of London seem at an early date to have had plays represented before them at their entertainments. On the 9th November, 1433, when "Henry Somere, Baroun of the Chekeker" and others were feasted by the Brewers' Com-

pany, "four Pleyeres and three Menstralles" were present. On the 14th November, 1435, the sum of 5s. 4d. was paid to "four clerkis of London, for a play." They dined among the "straungers," and in the entry in the Book of Expences they are called "four pleyers with here servaunt," besides "one menstralle syttyng at mete."

If the existing records of other companies were examined, no doubt similar information would be derived from them.

The most minute intelligence on this subject is found in the accounts of the Churchwardens of Heybridge, John Stocke and William Datte, under date of 1532: it confirms the position, that at that period there was scarcely a town in the kingdom where Miracle-plays were not represented, especially at Whitsuntide. The statement first includes the sum of £10 13s. 2d. collected at church, and in the town and neighbourhood, in money, meat, drink, and materials, in order to bear the charges of the performance: it then sets out the subsequent "paymentes," in a hand-writing far from legible, which include several singular items.

Paide to some of Maldon for — quarter of beffe	. 0 3 8
Item for a quartere of whett	. 0 9 8
Item for 4 dosen of potts	. 0 2 2
Item for the Pagentt players	. 0 13 4
Item for goulde forrall	. 0 0 3
Item for baryng of the boke	. 0 0 6
Item to the pageyntt player for hys rewarde	. 0 1 0
Item to 5 payr of gloves	. 0 0 7
Item to the minstrell	. 0 0 10
Item to John Wylford	. 0 0 4
Item towards the gyldeyng of the tabernikell	. 0 6 8
Item paide to Colben for his tabor	. 0 0 2
Item for payntyng of the cote armes	. 0 0 4
Item for 7 kylderkins of dobell bere and 9 of synggyll	0 12 8
Item for a locke	. 0 0 3

Item for a gret lathe	0 0 2
Item for a locke for the porche dore	0 0 4
Item for 2 payer of ——— (not legible)	0 1 6
Item to Hoowe that played the folle (fool)	0 1 8
Item for 100 of 6 penny nayle	0 0 6
Item for 2 ——— (not legible)	0 0 1
Item for a calfe skynne for the bell ropes	0 0 6
Item for a pecke of whyte salte	0 0 2
Item for 4 cawfys (calves)	(not legible)
Item for 3 shepe	0 0 9
Item for halfe a pownde of pepper	0 0 11
Item for drynkynge in the towne	0 0 2
Item for tape	0 0 1
Item for paper	0 0 2
Item for 2 loode of wode	0 2 0
Item to the cookes	0 1 0
Item to she that turned the spitt	0 0 8
Item to the basteler	0 0 4
Item to Goodays wyfe for good alle	0 1 4
Item to Goodays wyfe for mett and drynke for the pagentt players and 3 that holpe them	0 0 4
Sum	3 5 11

Hence it appears, deducting £3 5s. 11d. for expences from £10 13s. 2d. collected, that the sum of £7 7s. 3d. remained in the hands of the churchwardens, to be applied to the general purposes of the parish.

The term "bearing of the book" was technical, and described the office of the prompter. The items of a "lock for the porch," and of "a calf-skin for the bell-ropes," seem to show that the performance took place in the church. The fact that a "fool" was at this date employed in Miracle-plays, for the amusement of the audience, deserves especial remark.

Only twenty-five Copies printed.

THE

HARROWING OF HELL.

*relation of
right. M. J. M.*

f. 55. v. 1.

Alle herkneth to me nou,
A strif wolle y tellen ou
Of ~~Jesu~~ ant of Sathan,
Tho ~~Jesu~~ wes to helle ygan
Forte vacche thenne hys,
Ant bringen hem to parays.
The deuel heuede so muche pouste
That alle mosten to helle te :
Nas non so holy prophete,
Seththe Adam and Eue then appel ete,
Ant he were at this worldes fyne,
That he ne moste to helle pyne :
Ne shulde he neuer thenne come
Nere ~~Jesu~~ Crist, godes sone,
Vor that wes seid to Adam ant Eue,
That were ~~Jesu~~ Crist so leue ;
Ant so wes sayd to Habraham,
That wes sothfast holy man ;

h/8

h/8

h/8

An so wes seid to Dauid, the kyng,
 20 That wes of Cristes oune ofspryng;
 Ant to John the baptist,
 That folewede ~~Jesuf~~ Crist;
 Ant to Moyses, the holy whyt,
 The heuede the lawe to ~~me~~ ryht,
 Ant to mony other holy mon,
 Mo then ich telle con,
 That weren alle in more wo,
 Then y~~con~~ ou telle fro.
~~Jesuf~~ Crist arew hem sore,
 30 Ant seide he wolde vacche hem thore.
 He lyhte of ys hege tour
 In to seinte Marie bour:
 He wes bore for oure nede
 In this world in pore wede:
 In this world he wes ded,
 Forte losen vs from the qued.
 Tho ~~Jesuf~~ heuede shed ys blod
 For oure neode upon the rod,
 In godhed toke he then way
 40 That to helle gates lay:
 The he come there, tho seide he
 Asse y shal nouthe telle the.

c. 2. Harde gates hauy gon,
 c. 3. Sorrowen soffred mony on:

u/ Thritty wynter ant thridde half yer
 H~~a~~y woned in londe her.
 Almost ys so muche agon
 Seththe y bycom furst mon.
 Ich haue seththe tholed ant wyst
 50 Hot, cold, honger ant thirst :
 Mon hath d~~o~~me shome ynoh,
 Wyth word ant dede in heore woh.
 Bounden ant bueten y ron of blode,
 Demeden me to d~~e~~the on rode :
 For Adames sunne, fol y wis,
 Ich haue tholed al this.
 Adam, thou hauest aboht sore,
 # I~~n~~ul soffre that no more :
 Adam, thou hast duere aboht
 60 That thou leuedest me noht.
 Y shal the bringe of helle pyne,
 Ant wyth the alle myne.

SATHAN AIT.

Who ys that ych here thore ?
 Ich him rede speke na more,
 For he may so muche do,
 That he shal vs come to,
 Forte buen oure fere,
 Ant fonden hou we p~~l~~ayen here.

DOMINUS AIT.

Thou miht wyten in thy lay,
 That mine wolly haue a way.
 Wost thou neuer whet ycham?
 Almost ys thritti wynter gan
 That thou hast fonded me,
 Forte knowe wet y be.
 Sunne fond thou neuer non
 In me, as in other mon,
 Ant thou shalt wyte wel to day,
 That mine wolle y haue away,
 Wen thou bileuest al thyn one :
 Thenne myht thou grede ant grone.

SATHAN.

Parmafey, ich holde myne
 Alle so that bueth her yne :
 Reson wol y telle the :
 There ageyn myht thou nouht be.
 f. 56. c. 1. - Whoso buyth any thyng,
 Hit is hys ant hys ofspryng.
 Adam hungry com me to,
 Monrade dude y him me do,
 For on appel ich gef hym
 He is myn ant al hys kyn.

DOMINUS.

Sathanas, hit wes myn
 The appel that thou ~~geue~~ hym, 3/
 The appel, ant the appel tre
 Bothe were maked thourh me.
 Hou myhstest thou on eny wyse
 Of other monnes thyng make marchandise?
 Seth the he was boht wyth myn,
 Wyth res~~on~~ wolle ich hauen hym.

SATHAN.

Jesu~~s~~, wel y knowe the :
 That fulsore reweth me.
 Thou art louerd o~~ver~~ al, u/
 Wo ys him that the knowe ne shal.
 Heouene ant erthe tac to the,
 Soules in helle lef~~t~~ thou me. &
 Let me hauen hem ant helde ;
 That thou hauest, wel mote thou welde.

DOMINUS.

Stille be thou, Sathanas :
 The ys fallen ambes áás.
 Wendest thou ich were ded for noht ?
 Thourh my deth ys monk~~y~~ne boht : u/
 They that haued serued me,
 Wyth me he shulen in heuene be.

Thou shalt buen in more pyne,
Then eny that ther is her yne.

SATHAN.

Ne may non me worse do,
Then ich ha~~ve~~ had hiderto.
Ich ha~~ve~~ had so muche wo,
That y ne recche whyder ygo.
3 / Gef thou reuest me of myne,
Yshal reue the of thyne.
2 / Yshal~~l~~ gon from mon to mon,
Ant reue the of mony on.

DOMINUS.

God wot, y shal speke the wyht,
And do the to holde gryht :
So faste shal y bynde the,
u / Lit~~tel~~ shalt thou reue me.
Thou shalt buen in bondes ay,
O that come domesday.
c. 2. Thou shalt neuer out wende
u / Mon~~k~~ne forte shende ;
For were thou among men,
Thou woldest me reuen moni of hem.
The smale fendes, that bueth nout stronge,
He shulen among men yonge.

Thilke that nulleth ageyn hem stonde,
 Ichulle he habben hem in honde.

3/

Helle gates ycome nou to,
 Ant y wole that heo un do.

Wer ys nou this gate ward?
 Me thuncheth he is a coward.

3/

JANITOR.

Ich haue herd wordes stronge,
 Ne dar y her no lengore stonde.
 Kepe the gates whose may,
 Y lete hem stonde, ant renne away.

DOMINUS.

Helle gates wolle yfalle,
 Ant out taken myne alle.
 Sathanas, ybynde the : her shalt thou lay
 O that come domesday.

#

#

ADAM.

Welcome, louerd, god of londe,
 Godes sone, ant godes sonde,
 Welcome, louerd, mote thou be,
 That thou wolt vs come ant se.
 Louerd, nou thou art come to ous,
 Bring ous of this lothe hous :

Bryng us of this lothe lond,
 Louerd, henne in to thyn hond.
 Louerd, wost thou whet ycham?
 Thou me shuptest of eorthe, Adam:
 For y thyn heste hued noht,
 Duere ich ha~~ve~~ be hit her aboht.
 Have merci of vs, godes sone,
 Let ous no more her wone.
 Alle that her ynne be
 3/ ~~Z~~ore ha~~ve~~th ~~py~~rned after the.
 We hopeth wel thourh thy comyng
 Of oure sunnes hauen froryng.

EUA.

Knou me, louerd, icham Eue.
 Ich ant Adam the were so leoue,
 Thou laddest ous to parays:
 We hit forgulten ase ~~yn~~wys,
 We thin heste dude forleten,
 Tho we then appel eten.
 So longe we haueth buen herynne
 Deore ha~~ve~~ we aboht vr synne.
 Louerd god, ~~gef~~ vs leue,
 Adam ant me ys wyf Eue,
 To faren of this lothe wyke,
 To the blisse of heuene ryke.

DOMINUS.

Adam, ich have geue mi lyf
 For the, ^{on} and for Eue thi wyf:
 Wendest thou ich were ded for noht?
 For my deth wes monkyne yboht.

uf 3/

uf

HABRAHAM.

Louerd Crist, icham
 That thou calledest Habraham,
 Thou me seidest, that of me
 Shulde such a child ybore be,
 That vs shulde brynge of pyne,
 Me ant wyth me alle myne.
 Thou art the child, thou art the man,
 That wes ybore of Habraham.
 Do nou that thou byhihstes me:
 Bring me to heuene vp with the.

DOMINUS.

Habraham, ych wot ful wel
 Wet thou seidest eueruch del:
 That mi leue moder wes
 Boren ⁱⁿ ant shaped of thy fleys.

L

[DAVID.]

Louerd, icham Daudid the kyng,
 That bore was of thyn of spring.

Do me ase thou bihete,
Thourh the lawe of the prophete.
Nou thou art come to ous,
Bring vs from this dredful hous.

DOMINUS.

Dauid, thou were bore of my kyn.
For thi godnesse art thou myn;
More for thi godnesse,
Then for eny sibnesse.

JOHANNES.

Louerd Crist, icham Johan,
That the folewede in flum Jordan.
c. 2. Tuelf moneth is agon,
That / tholede martirdom.
Thou sendest me the ryhte wey
In to helle, forte sey
That thou Crist, godes sone,
Sone shuldest to helle come,
o/ Fort~~e~~ lesen of helle pyne
Alle that thou holdest thyne.
Nou thou art come, nou thou do
That thou seidest fer ant tho.

DOMINUS.

a/ a/ John, John, ich wot ful wel
Whet thou seidest eferuchdel.

u/

Thou shalt seo what y^shal do,
That yseyde er the to.

MOYSES.

Louerd, thou knowest al wyth skyl
The lawe of Synay vpon the hyl.
Icham Moyses, the prophete,
That hued the lawes that thou byhete :
That thou ~~Jesus~~ godes sone, *h/d*
Woldest to the helle come,
Ant that thou woldest come to bete
The sunnes that Adam thohte suete.

DOMINUS.

MoySES, that ich hihte the
In the olde lawe thou duded me ;
~~And~~ [&] alle the other that mine buen,
Shule to blisse with me tuen.
They that nolden on me leuen,
Shule with Sathanas bileuen.
There hue shulen wonen ay,
O that come domesday.

God, for is moder l~~o~~ve, *11/*
Let us neuer thider come.

Louerd, for thi muchele grace,
Graunte vs in heouene one place.

Let vs neuer be forloren

For no sunne, Crist, ycoren.

8 Ah, bring vs out of helle pyne,

Louerd, ous ⁸ant alle thyne,

Ant gef vs grace to libbe ⁸ant ende

In thi service, ant to heuene wende.

A M E N.

LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.



Dear Sir Frederick

I am much obliged to you for your notes and corrections, for in all these cases my main object is to be accurate, and you well know the difficulty of attaining that point. Though I cannot agree with you in all your remarks, I agree enough to be sorry that I did not avail myself of your aid before. The fact is that I was at Brighton when the play went through the press & could not see, as I wished, to the reading of the proofs. This was a misfortune.

Nevertheless I find but one error of real importance - the misprint, on p. p. l. 14, of so for the which makes the sense

not so intelligible as it otherwise would be.
The omission or non-use of the character
3 was my doing, as the printer happened to
have none such, and as it obscured the
meaning already too obscure in places.

Jesus I also preferred to Jesu, well
knowing the difference in the ^{contracted} writing of the
time: Thc is Jesus, and Thu Jesu or Jhesu

John I found written Johan when
the scribe wished it to be so pronounced, as
in the lines

"Loverd Crist icham Johan

"That the folewede in flum Jorden"

vide the MS. fo: 56 ~~last~~ penult.

Here, too, the pronoun and the
verb are combined in the MS, and so I pre-
served them ^{as well as} ~~as well as~~ in other places, which
you have pointed out. This was doing what
you recommend so earnestly - following the
original scrupulously. Hence done for do me (p 76. 77)

Any neglect ~~of~~ in printing & for
a I am, to a certain extent, responsible
for; but it never varies the meaning; and
in printing such pieces I have been more
accurate than any of the editors of the

Roxburghe books - yourself excepted. In the
black-letter Judicium, by W Douse, he was
far from careful in this & other respects: his
very second word is wrong - dark for darfe.

If I committed a mistake in
printing monkinn for monkunn (p. 10 l. 18)
you committed another in correcting me:
for you write it only monkunn, with one n,
whereas the original MS has two in the
last syllable. However this of course only
excuses & does not justify me: it only shows
that accuracy itself (which you are) may
be inaccurate.

The same remark will apply
to your observation on p 12 l. 6 where you
say I have printed ~~habbe~~ halbe for habbe.
You add: "in MS of this period the first
b of bb is always⁺ written as an l." how for
my triumph. If you refer to the original
MS. fo 56 l 8 you will find this line

"Ichulle he habben hem in honde"

Here, the two bs are distinctly written, and no
letter l substituted for the first. Therefore it is
not always as you mention, & I could point
out other instances.

x I sh^d have s^d often. at all events
halbe is very freq.

I know you will forgive me
for criticizing my critic & for making out as
good a case as I can.

You shall see how heartily I
thank you for your offer about the glossary,
by resorting to you whenever I find occasion
~~when~~^{and} I am in a difficulty. You may, some
time or other, regret the liberality of your
offer in this particular.

I have another play ready
for your acceptance - or at all events
it will be ready in a few days - taken
from Cotton. Ms. Vesp. D VIII, the series usu-
ally called Coventry Plays. A third (now
in the press) is the Shepherd's Play from
the Towneley Ms. and the fourth will
be one of the Chester Miracle-plays, from
the Ms of 1591 in the possession of the Duke
of Devonshire.

Yours sincerely & obliged

J. Payne Collier

25 Euston Square
Jan'y 21st 1835.

The inclosed letter was sent to me in reply to one from myself
to Mr. Ellis, including a collation of "The Harrowing of Hell"; printed
by Mr. C. with the original MS. and containing ^{Harl. 2253.} gentle
in a friendly strain, some remarks on the inaccuracies.
Mr. C. labors to defend himself, but in my opinion, very weakly,
and it wd. have been more candid & like a man of sense
to own his error, from want of more intimate acquaintance
with MS.

In the MS. it is Ihu, which Mr. C. prints Ihesus, & says "he
prefers": Why? At all events he does not follow the

MS.
In the MS. is Iohⁿ, which he prints Iohⁿ, instead of Iohann.
It is once written at length Iohann — but this is no proof
that the form is not Iohann, but a confirmation of it.
The instances of i^hann &c. (present tense) are
different from y^ecome, y^efall, y^egyde &c. (present tense),
which, if the pronoun is not disjoined may be
compounded with the past tense.

monkⁱnn is printed trⁱe for monkⁱnn and once
for monkⁱnn. Mr. C. writes, because in the hurry
of writing, I put them all down with one n.

I was wrong, if I wrote bb was always written as if
the first letter was an l. I intended to have said often —
which is fact, as also with kk (written lk) At all events
halbe is wrong, for habbe.

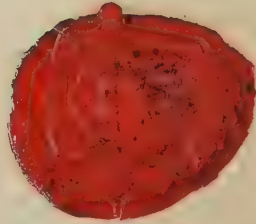
L. J. M.

January 24th

Dr. Frederick Madden

Esq. &c. &c.

British Museum



In a day, or two I shall send
you another play from Cotton Mss.
Vesp. D VIII.

My dear Mr. Frederick

The motto of most antiquaries
should be esse aliquid putare magis, &
I dare say it ought to be mine as well
as other people's - Our dispute about let-
ters reminds me of the famous argu-
mentation between Garrison & Dr. Will
respecting the origin of Y. What you
say about "dying hard" is very applicable,
and I cannot blame you for it.

I quoted your own words
when I alluded to bb being written Cb
sometimes - Of course I admit the some
times, but deny the "always" : you say
"the first b of bb is always written as
an l" - Then as to "Mon kumne" and the

double n, you allow that I am correct. In short I am astonished at my own correctness after all, & only wonder that your very superior knowledge of MS of that early date did not enable you to convict me of more misreadings.

I think that if you had to print the MS I have printed, you would yourself connect the pronoun I, y, or ich with the verb, as in the original; since you are aware that it is characteristic, besides being exact.

Having rejected 3 it was my business to do as well as I could without it: with it, the play would have been unintelligible to many: without it, I make it intelligible; and as to the equivalents you are no doubt aware that y & gh are not at all alike, and that in some instances neither would answer the purpose. In p 6 (l. 6) for

"He benede the lance to zeme ryght."
The meaning requires theme and not
gheme. So again on p 7 (l 10)
"Demeden me to Dege on rode".

Can you make out that z never is to be
expressed by th?

What you say about Ihu and
Iohn I have already answered. The
Tewitor was often called peris or heris
at ~~at~~ that date and when the writer
of the M.S. wrote the name Iohan
he so wrote it as I established by p 14 l. 9.

We have but one subject; and
as I should be most happy, were it in
my power, to be of the least use to
you, I shall resort to you, who have the
power, whenever I am in a difficulty
and want assistance.

Yours most-sincerely

J. Pollier

25 Euston Square
Jan'y 25. 1835.

I can readily forgive Mr. Miller's inaccuracies / for it is difficult sometimes to avoid them / but I cannot forgive his obstinacy & ignorance. He affects to ridicule my love of accuracy, by calling it negus. He may call it what he pleases, but I do not allow him to be a judge.

I added Mr. M. if he rejected the letter 3 to substitute y or gl for it, & be uniform - instead of g, z, and th (!) all of which he employs for it.

His reply is ^{thoughtless} ignorant.

zeme, is to rule, take charge of, from the Sax. zemen and there is no such verb as there.

deze, is die, a verb in the infinitive mood, which Mr. M. changes into death, a substantive.

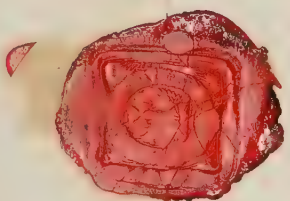
3 certainly sometimes corresponds to th, but not in such instances as these, nor throughout this MS.

His remark about Ihesus and Iohan is ridiculous. The MS. reads Ihu, Ihesu, and Iohn, Iohan, and therefore should be so printed - but nevertheless if Mr. M. chooses to print them Robert and Thomas, I shall take no farther trouble in the matter.

A person is ever thankful for advice, even if it is really given in kindness & love of truth.

J. B.

L. J. Macdonald
de de de.
British Museum



Edin^g Oct^r 6th 1835

Dear Sir Frederick

When I had the pleasure of meeting you in
Dublin, I mentioned a design of printing the little Interlude
of the 'Harrowing of Hell', from the Auchinleck Manuscript.
When last in London, I only partially collated the
Harleian copy - but not wishing entirely to trust to
Mr Follies' edition, will you be obliging enough to collate
the lines printed within brackets - & also favour me

with any remarks or corrections upon the text itself - per post
instead of returning the proof-sheet - inasmuch as ~~the~~ a
packet, however small, costs 9s or 7/- when sent by mail.

I had intended to throw off a few extra copies - but
these will be kept back for the present as it is possible that
an amateur here & myself, will print some half-dozen
of the ^{unedited} fragments &c. from the Antiquarian Mss. - for private
distribution. But the impression will be very limited.

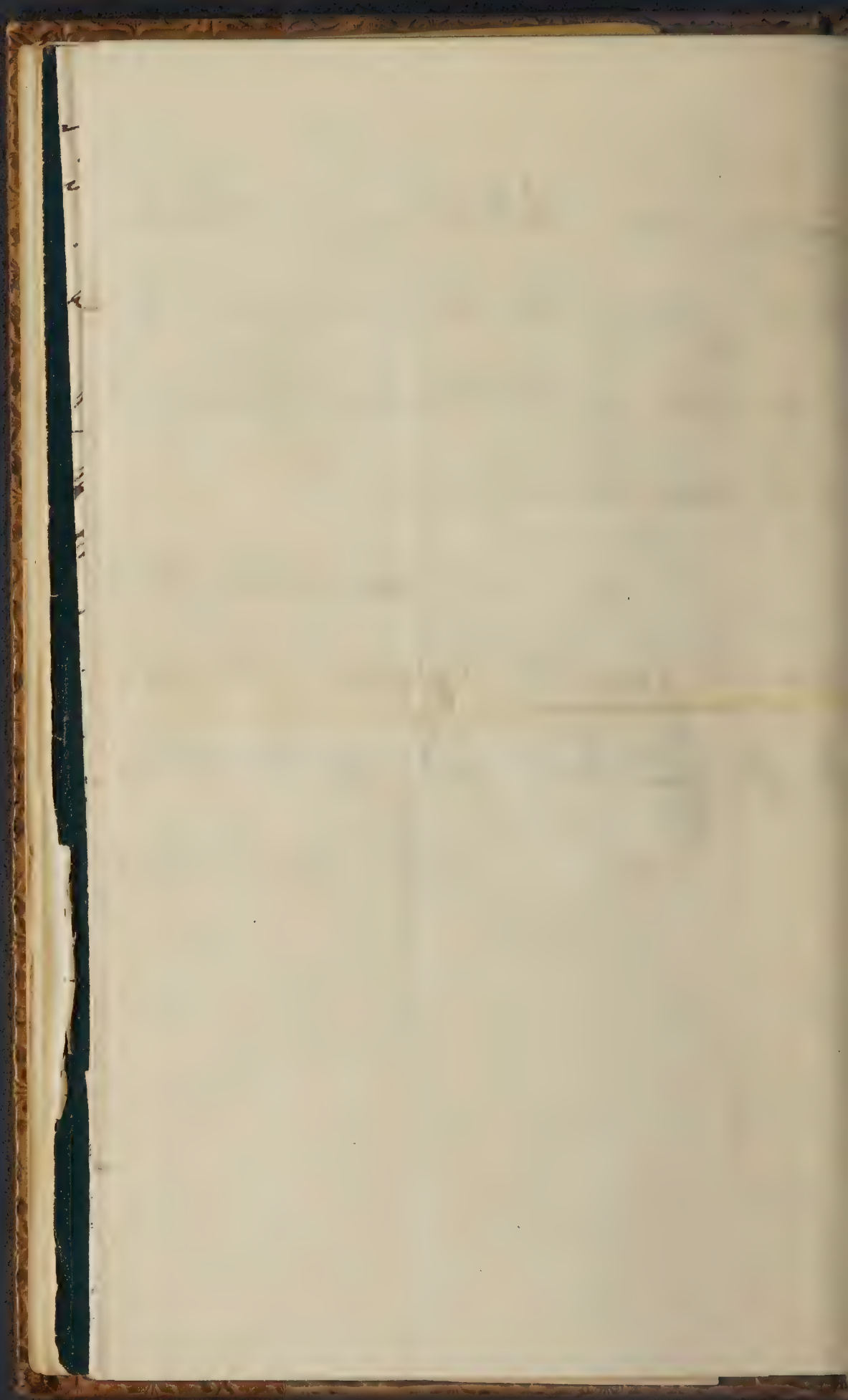
I don't know whether you made out your intended
visit to Manchester, on your way home. I spent a good
part of a day in the Chetham Library, looking over ~~at~~
Farmer's Ant. vol. of English Romances. It certainly is a

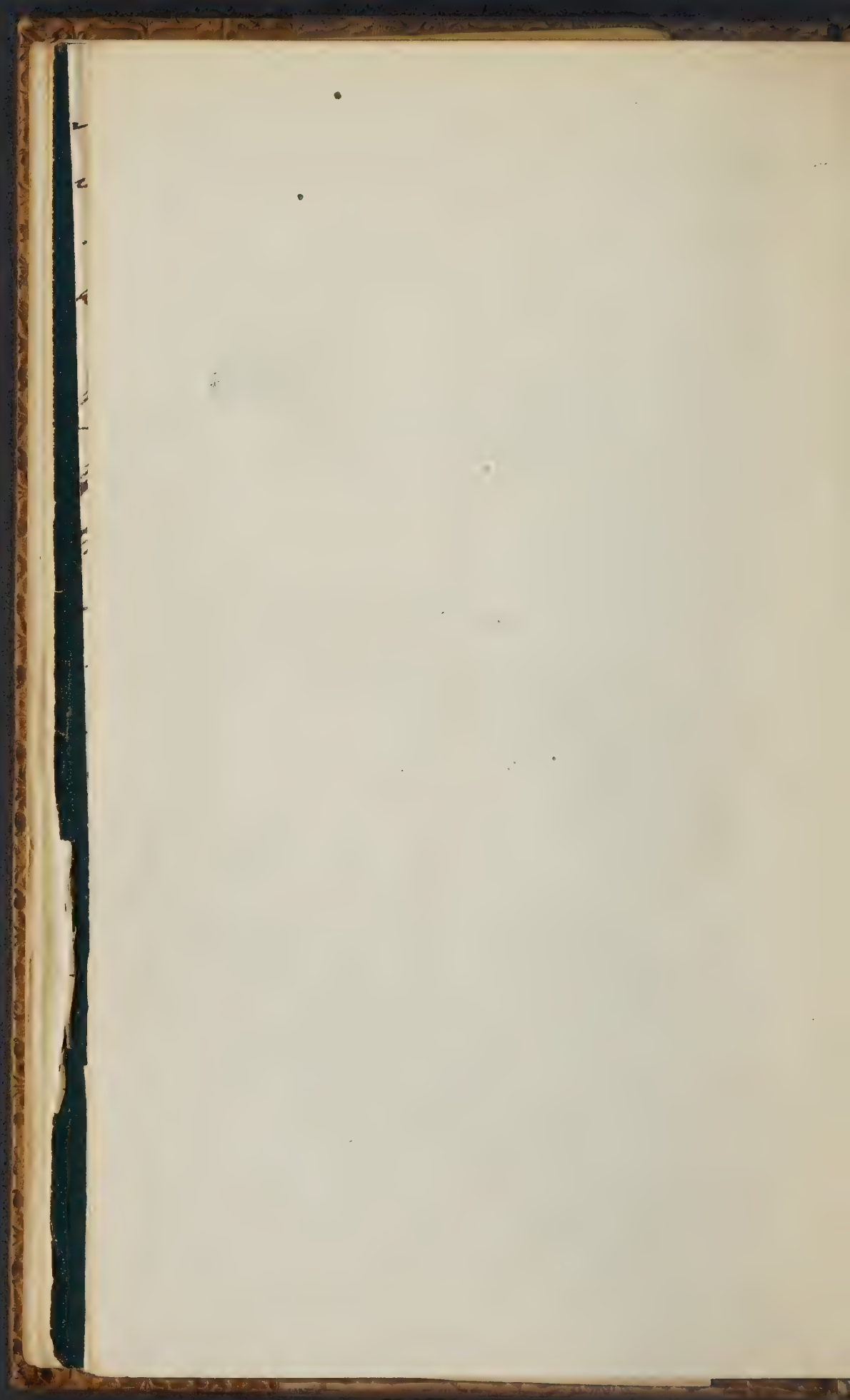
curious tome - but the unique Romance of Horrent of Portugale
deals greatly too much in giants to my taste. I copied only
a few lines of the beginning which I'll send you if you have
not seen the original.

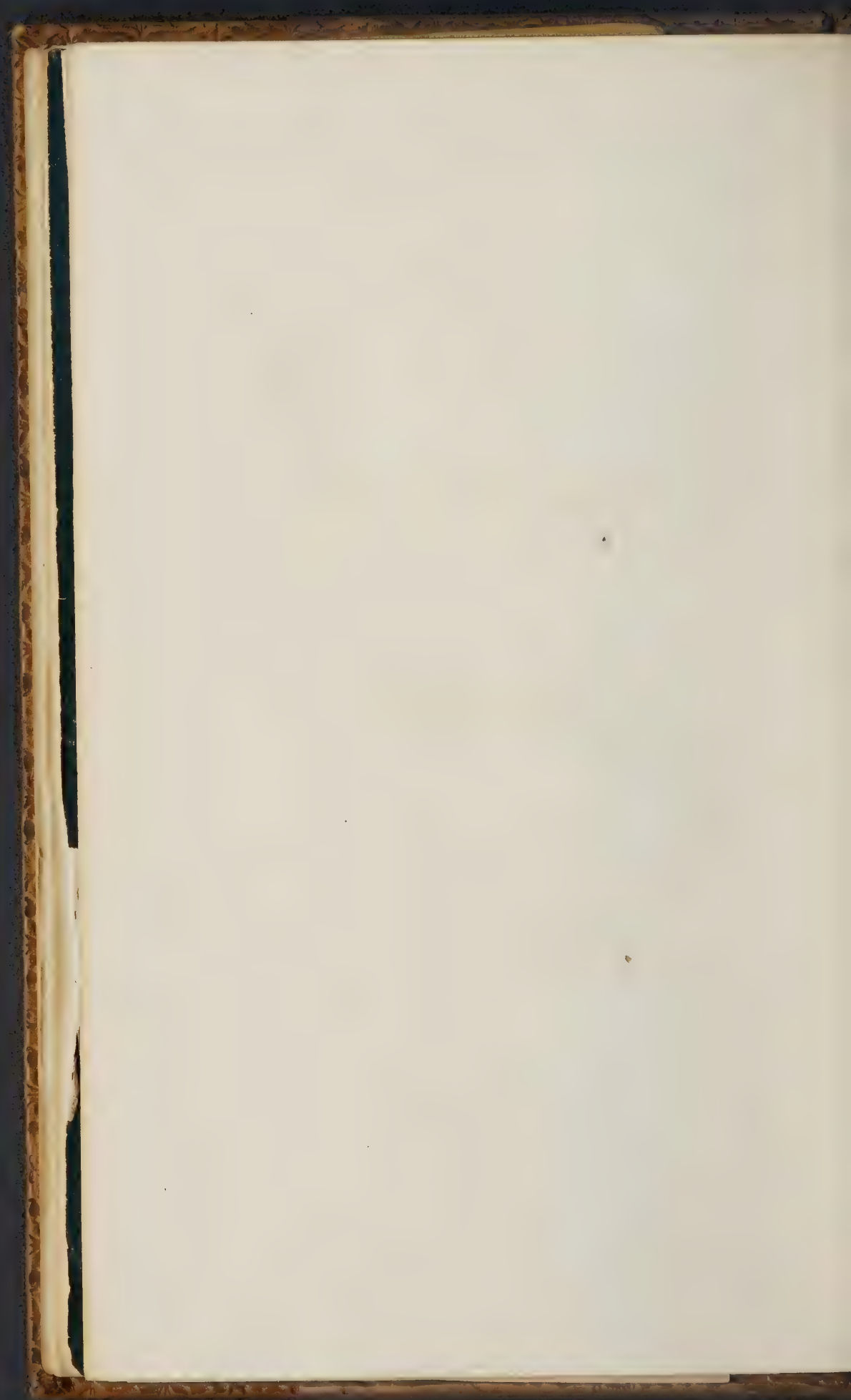
I have not had leisure to look particularly at the
extracts from the Romances of Alexander, but have no doubt
the Dublin Ms. forms part of one of the Oxford Mss. -

Yours ever respectfully, Truly

D. Laing



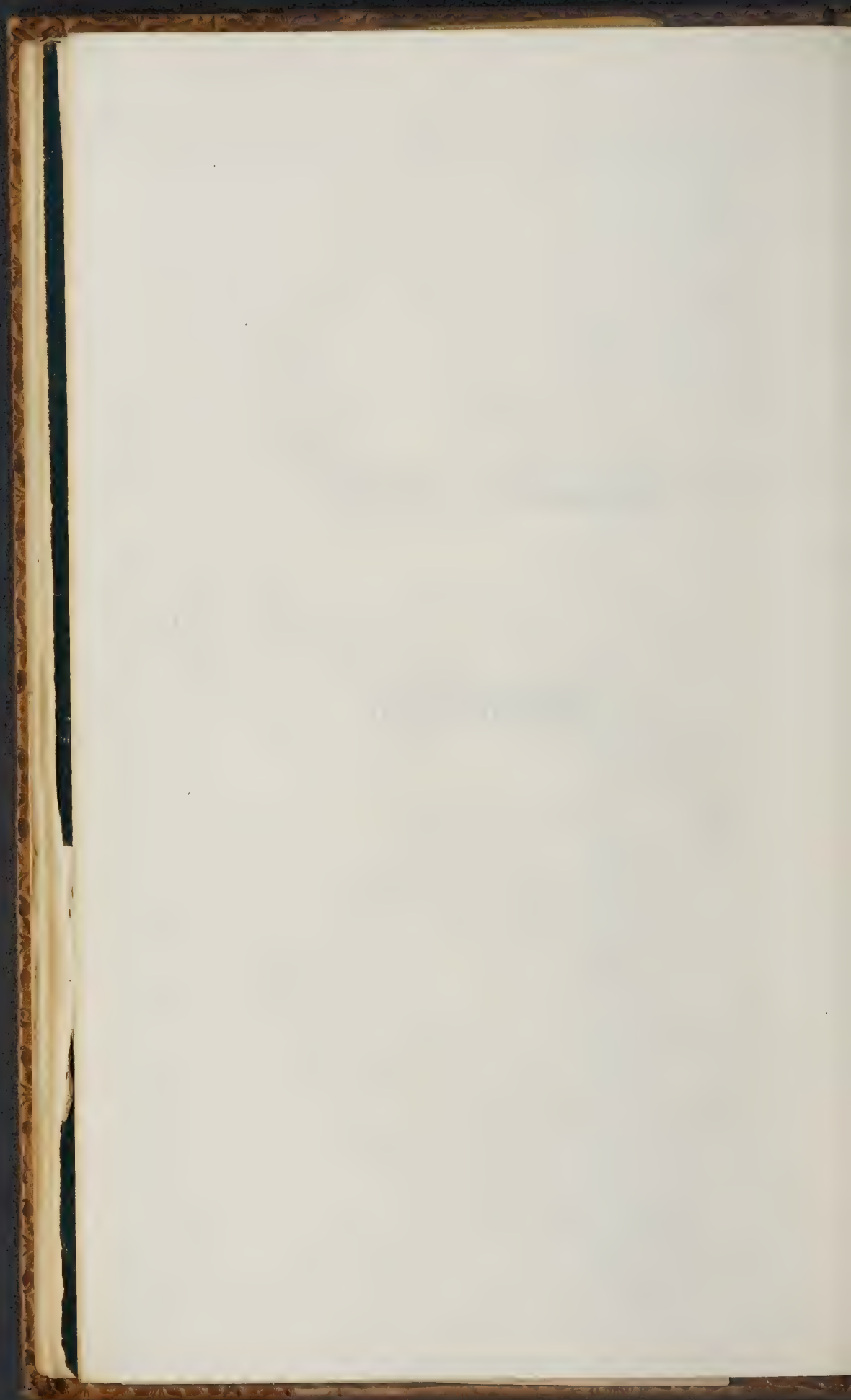




THE
HARROWING OF HELL.

A
Miracle Play.

PRINTED FROM
THE AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT.



OUR Saviour's Descent into Hell to redeem the Souls of the Patriarchs and ancient Prophets out of Limbo, called the "Harrowing of Hell," was a favourite subject of exhibition so long as Miracle-Plays or Interludes founded upon Scripture history, or the Pseudo-Gospels continued to be represented. The following Interlude on that apocryphal subject, has been regarded as the most ancient specimen of dramatic composition which exists in the English language. Singular enough, however, it was printed for the first time only a few months ago, from a MS. upon vellum, supposed to be prior to the reign of Edward III.^a, preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts (No. 2253) in the British Museum.

The same composition, but unfortunately in a mutilated state, also occurs in the more ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, known from its donor as the "Auchinleck Manuscript." As these two copies differ in a variety of minute particulars, it was thought desirable to have the text of this curious literary relic printed uniformly from that MS. so that both might be bound together.

It seemed, however, adviseable to supply the chief defects in the text, as some of the copies may come into the hands of a few persons who are not possessed of the former edition—which in fact consisted only of a limited impression of twenty-five copies for private distribution, at the expense of JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.—a gentleman well known for his unwearied and most successful investigations into every thing connected with the early history of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage.

In the Auchinleck MS. the portions lost seem to have consisted of three columns, or about 120 lines at the beginning, and at least one column or about 40 lines at the end of the Interlude. The corresponding portions in the Harleian MS. extend only to the 28 lines of

*"This is positively
not later than
the year
1310-1320.*

*It cannot possibly
be earlier than
1330.*

the Prologue, and the 24 lines of the conclusion, which are here supplied from that MS. There are minute variations in almost every line of the text; but it may be sufficient to state that the Auchinleck MS. seems to be the preferable text, and that it preserves 20 lines interspersed, which are not contained in the Harleian MS. On the other hand, that copy also has several additional lines, and in particular those which have been printed within brackets.

EDINBURGH, *July*, 1835.

(David Laing.)

THE

HARROWING OF HELL.

[ALLE herkneth to me nou,
A strif wolle Y tellen ou
Of Ihesu ant of Sathan,
Tho Ihesu wes to helle ygan
Forte vacche thenne hys,
Ant bringen hem to para[d]ys.
The deuel heuede so muche pouste
That alle mosten to helle te :
Nas non so holy prophete,
Seththe Adam and Eue then appel ete,
Ant he were at this worldes fyne,
That he ne moste to helle pyne :
Ne shulde he neuer thenne come
Nere Ihesu Crist, Godes sone,
Vor that wes seid to Adam ant Eue,
That were Ihesu Crist so leeuë ;
Ant so wes seyde to Habraham,
That wes sothfast holy man ;

Alle, meo feruente
15/11/15

Ant so wes seid to Dauid, the kyng,
That wes of Cristes oune ofspryng ;
Ant to Johan the baptist,
That folowede Ihesu Crist ;
Ant to Moyses, the holy whyt,
The heuede the lawe to zeme ryht ;
Ant to many other holy mon,
Mo then Ich telle con,
That weren alle in more wo,
Then Y con ou telle fro,]
Vntil Crist loked thaim vnto,
As man aught to prisouns do.

[Ihesu Crist arew hem sore,
Ant seide he wolde vacche hem thore ;]
He lighted out of his heighe tour
Into Seynt Mari bour :
He was born for our misdede,
In this world in pouer wede :
In this world he suffred dede,
For to deliuer ous fram the qued.
Than Ihesu hadde spilt his blod
For our sinnes on the rode,
He nam him the right way
Vnto helle, for sothe to say ;
Than he com ther, than seyde he,
As Y schal now telle the.

DOMINUS AIT.

Hard gates haue Y gon,
And suffred pines mani on ;
Thritti winter and thridde half zere
Haue Y wond in lond here :
Almast is so michel gan
Seththen Y bicom first man :
Seththen haue Y fond and wist
Hot and cold, hunger and threst ;
Man hath don me schame, and though,
With word, with dede and michel wough,
Thai tok me withouten sake,
Thai bond min honden bihinde mi bac ;
Thai bete me til Y ran on blode,
Thai dempt me to hong on rode ;
Alle for Adams sinne, Y wis,
Than haue Y tholed this.
Adam, thus dere haue Y bought,
And thou no louedest me neuer nought ;
Adam, Y haue bought ful sare
And Y wil suffre it na mare ;
To day Y schal bring of pine
Adam, the and alle thine.

SATANAS DIXIT.

Who is that Ich here thare ?
Y rede that he spek na mare

For he may so michel do,
That he schal comen ous vnto,
For to ben our fere
And loke hou we playen here.

DOMINUS AIT.

Thou may wele wite mi play,
That min wil Y haue oway.
Wele thou wost wat Ich am ;
More than thritti winter is gan
That thou hast framed me,
For to wite what Y 'be.
Seththen foundestow neuer nan
With me, as with another man ;
And thou wost wele for than
That Ich am more than ani man.
Thou schalt wite this ich day,
That Y schal haue min oway ;
And Y schal the leue here
In sorwe among thine fere.

SATANAS DIXIT.

Par ma fay, Ich hald mine
Al that ben here inne :
With resoun wil Y telle the
That ther ogain may thou nought be,
That me bihoueth haue and hald

And withouten ende wald ;
For who so biggeth ani thing,
Nowe to ben his withouten lesing.
Adam hungri come me to
Manred I made him me to do ;
For an appel that I gaf him,
He is min, and al his kin.

DOMINUS AIT.

Satanas, he seyd, it was min
The appel that thou gaf him,
The appel, and the appel tre,
Bothe war maked thurch me.
Hou may thou on ani wise
Of other mennes thing mak marchandise ?
Seththen thou boughtest him with mine,
With resoun schuld Ich aue him.

SATANAS DIXIT.

Ihesu, wele Y knawe the :
That ful sore reweth me.
Thou art Lord ouer al,
And euer was, and ay be schal.
Heuen and erthe weld thou the,
The soules in helle lat thou be.
Lat me haue that Ich halde,
That thou hast wele mot thou it wald.

DOMINUS AIT.

Sitte now still, Satanas :
The is fallen a mes as.
Wenestou that Y dyed for nought ?
With mi dede was mankin bought.
Thai that haue serued me,
In blis schal thai euer be :
Thai that nothing serued me,
Thai schal in helle be with the :
Bot thou schalt ben in more pine,
Than ani other that is there inne.

SATANAS DIXIT.

Ther may me no man wers do,
Than Ich aue had hiderto.
Ich haue hadde so michel wo,
That me no rek whider Y go.
Zif thou bireuest me of mine,
Y schal bireue the of thine ;
Y schal go fro man to man,
And bireue the mani an.

DOMINUS AIT.

So Y schal speke the with,
That Y schal do the hold grith ;
So fast schal Y binde the,
That fewe schaltow binim me.

Were thou vnbounde among men,
Al thou wost binim me hem :
The smale deuels, that er vnstrang,
Thai schal among mankin gang ;
And al schul thai haue pain,
That wil nought stond hem ozain.

Helle gates Y com zou to,
Now Ich wil that ze vndo.
Whare is he that gate ward?
Ich hold him for a coward.

JANNATOR AIT.

Ich haue herd wordes hard,
Whi Y no may be no steward :
Y lete hem stond, and ren oway,
Let hem zeme who so may.

DOMINUS AIT.

Helle gates here Y zou felle,
And seththen wil Ich herwe helle.
Lucifer here Y the binde,
Schaltow neuer hethen winde
Vntil it com domesday.
Fare thou seththen whare thou may,
Fare thou seththen whare thou fare,
No dostow neuer man care.

ADAM DIXIT.

Welcom, Lord God of lond,
 Godes sone, and Godes sond ;
 Welcom, Lord, mot thou be
 Long haues ous thought after the :
 Lord, seththen thou art comen to ous
 Thou bring ous out of this hous.
 Lord, thou wost what Ich am
 Thou me schope of erthe man,
 And thou me clepetest sone, Adam :
 And gif Ich haue sinnes wrought,
 [For Y thyn heste hued noht,]
 Ful dere now here Ich aue hem bought.
 Who so sinneth ani wight,
 The sinne is more than the plight ;
 3a, leue Lord, Godes sone,
 Welcom be thou and worth come.
 Al, Lord, that here be
 Haue 3erned, Lord, after the.
 We hope wele of thi coming,
 Of our sinnes haue botening.

EUA AIT.

Knawe me, Lord, Ich am Eue
 Adam and Ich ware the so leue ;
 Thou 3aue ous to 3eme paradis,

And we it gemed as vnwise,
When we thi comandment forlete,
When we of that appel ete.
So long haue we ben here inne,
That wele haue we bet our sinne ;
Leue Lord, giue ous leue,
Adam and [me] his wiif Eue,
To fare out of this foul wike,
Into the blis of heuen rike.

DOMINUS AIT.

Adam, Y haue zouen mi liif
For the, and for Eue thi wiif :
Wenestow Ich adde ben ded for nought ?
For mi ded is mankin bought.

ABRAHAM AIT.

Lord Crist, Ich it am
That thou cleptest Abraham ;
[Thou me seidest, that of me
Shulde such a child ybore be ;]
Thou schult com to helle pine
For to haue ous, Lord, for thine.
[Thou art the child, thou art the man,
That wes ybore of Habraham,]
Do astow bihet me,
Bring me, Lord, to heuen with [the.]

DOMINUS DIXIT.

Abraham, it was wel
That thou seydest eueridel ;
For mi swete Moder wes
Born and schapen of thi fles.

DAUID DIXIT.

Lord, Ich am Dauid the king
That was born of thine ofs[pring.]
Also astow me bihet,
Thurch the lore of that prophete,
Thou bring ous of this foule . . .
To the blis of heuen ycore.

DOMINUS AIT.

Dauid, thow was born of mi [kyn,]
For thi godenes thou art m[yn].
More for thi godenesse,
Than for ani sibbenesse.

JOHANNES DIXIT.

Lord Crist, Ich am Johan,
That the hof in the flom Jordan.
Now a gode while is agon,
That Y suffred martirdom :
Thou sentest me the right way

Into helle, for soth to say,
[That thou, Crist, Godes sone,
Sone shuldest to helle come ;]
That thou schult deliuer of helle [pyne]
That thou ther in fond, Lord, of thi[ne] :
Now artow comen for to do
That thou saidest me vnto.

DOMINUS AIT.

Johan, Johan, Ich it wat
That Y sent the the gat ;
Thou schalt se that Y schal do,
That thou seydest me vnto.

MOYSES DIXIT.

Lord, thou 3aue me al with skil,
The lay [of] Sinay on the hil.
[Ich am Moyses, the prophete,
That hued the lawes that thou byhete ;
That thou Jhesu, Godes sone,
Woldest to the helle come,
Ant that thou woldest come to bete
The sunnes that Adam thohte suete.

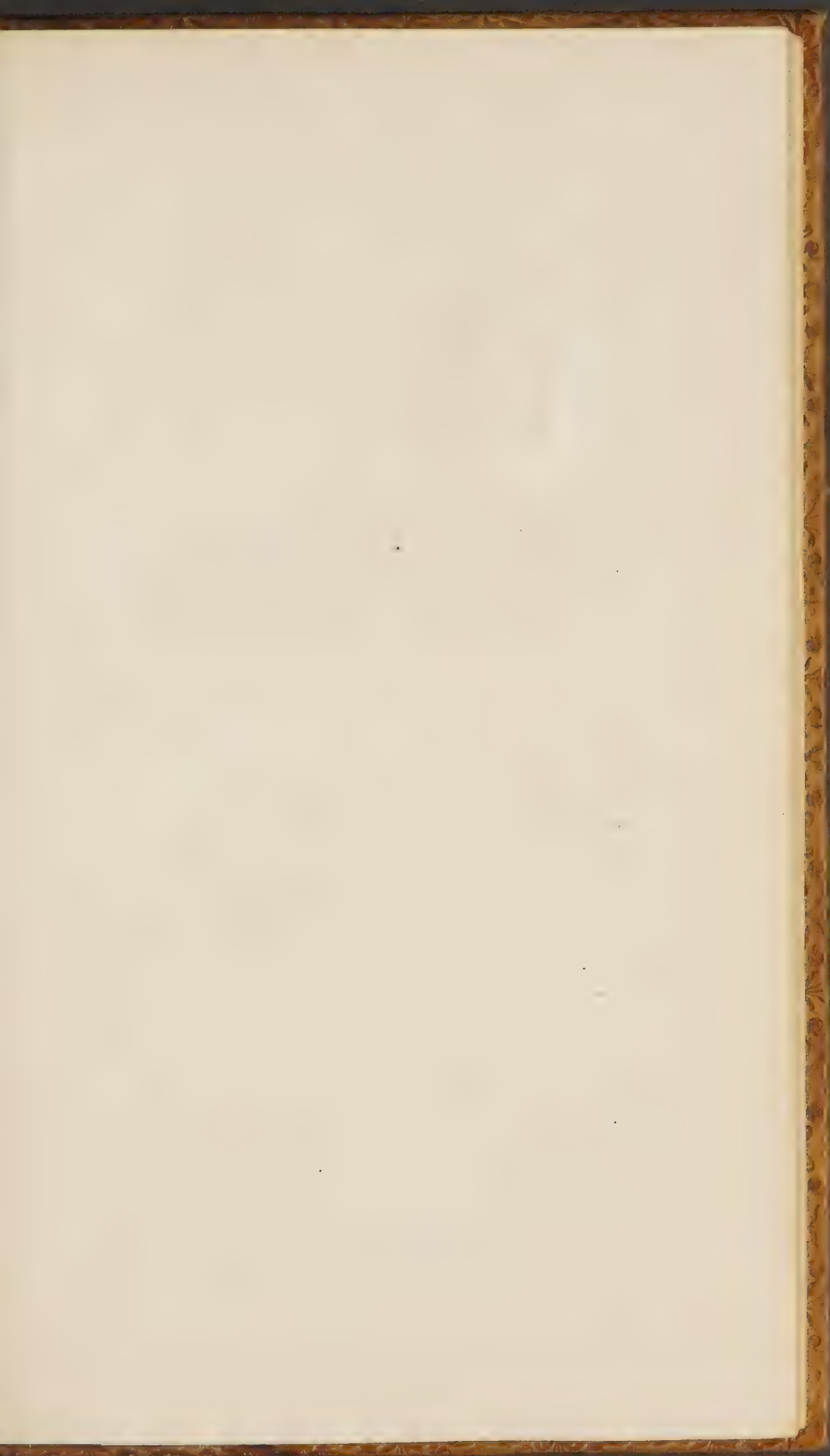
DOMINUS.

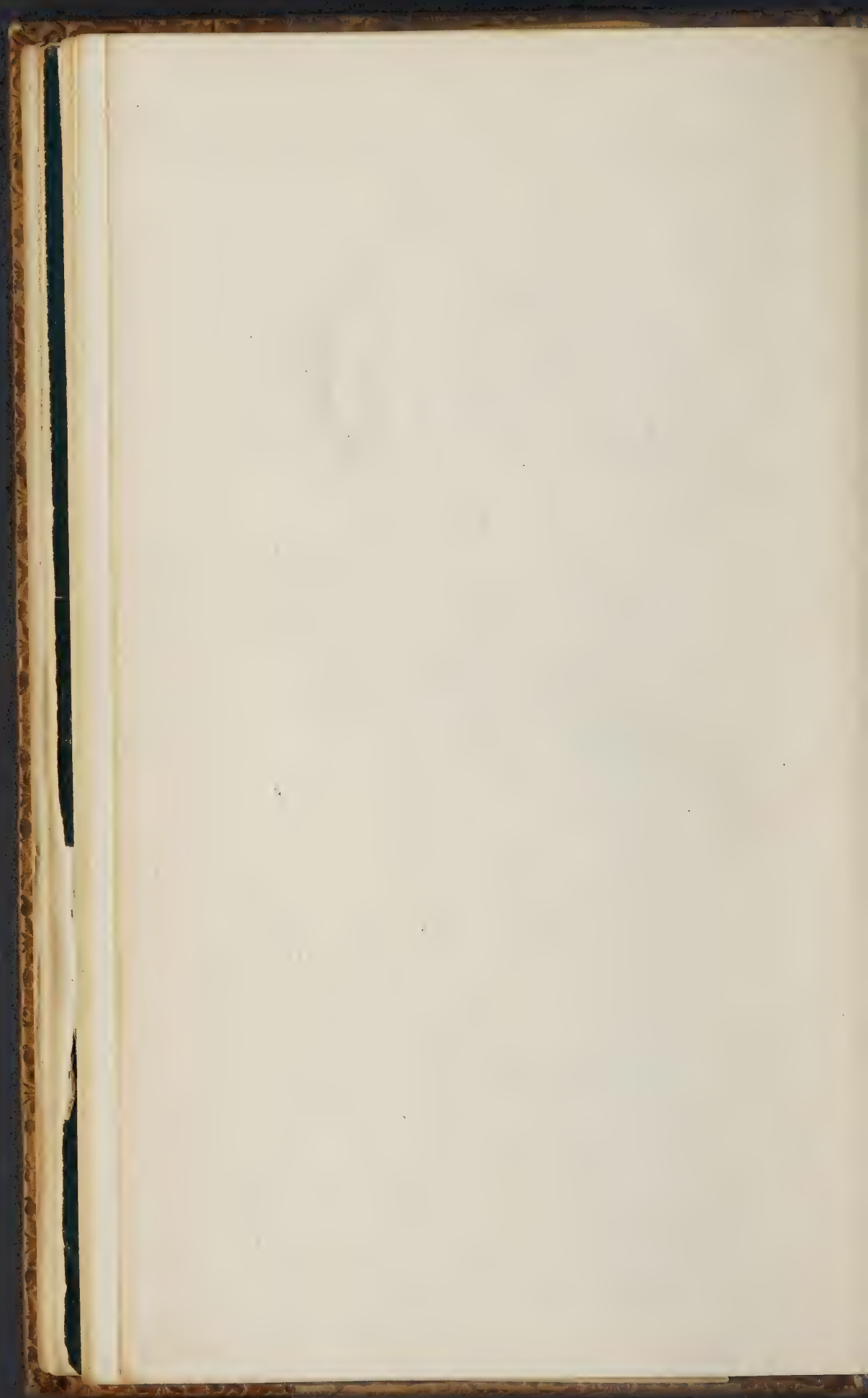
Moyse, that Ich hihte the
In the olde lawe thou dudest me,

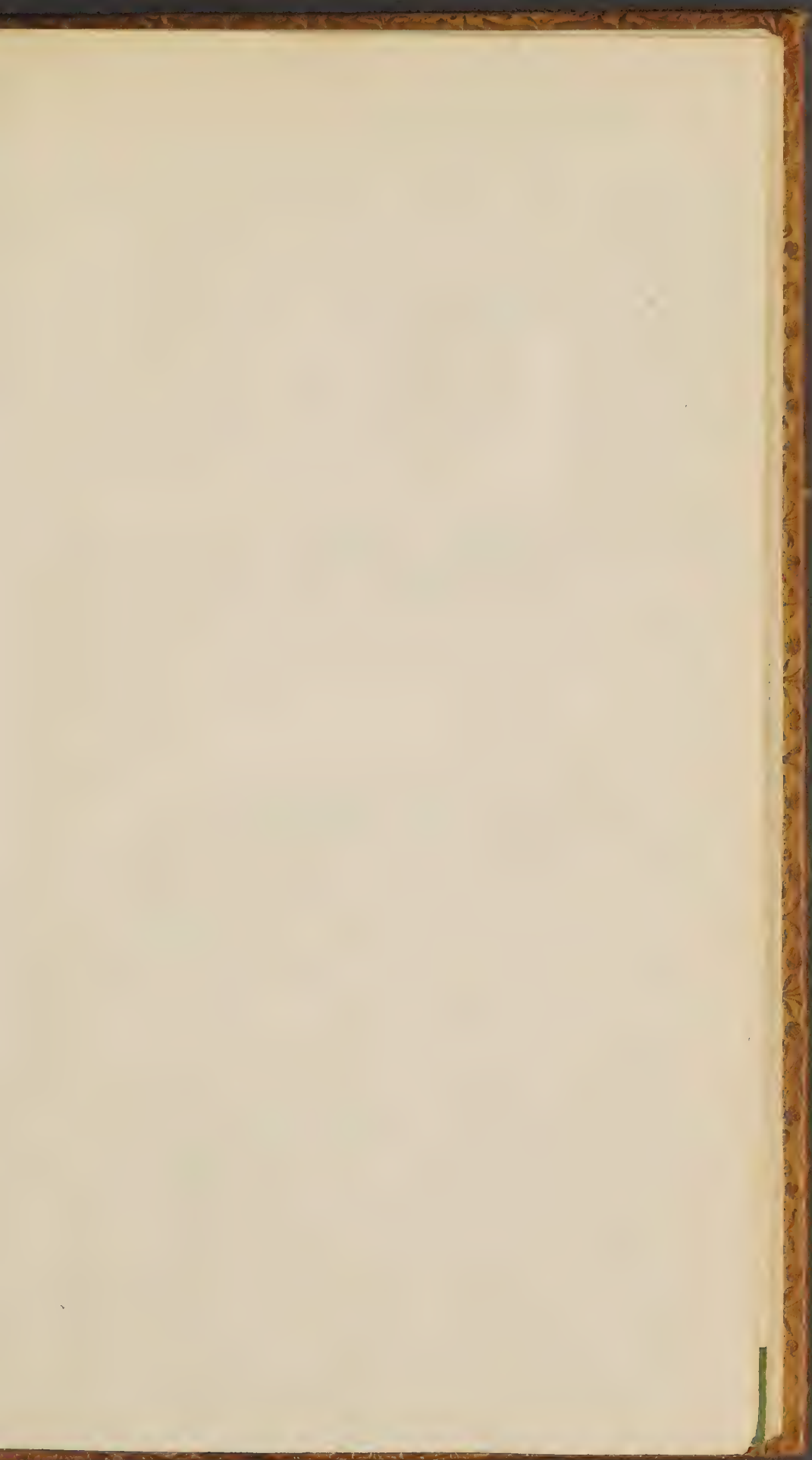
And alle the other that mine buen,
Shule to blisse with me tuen.
They that nolden on me leuen,
Shule with Sathanas bileuen.
Ther hue shulen wonen ay,
O that come domesday.

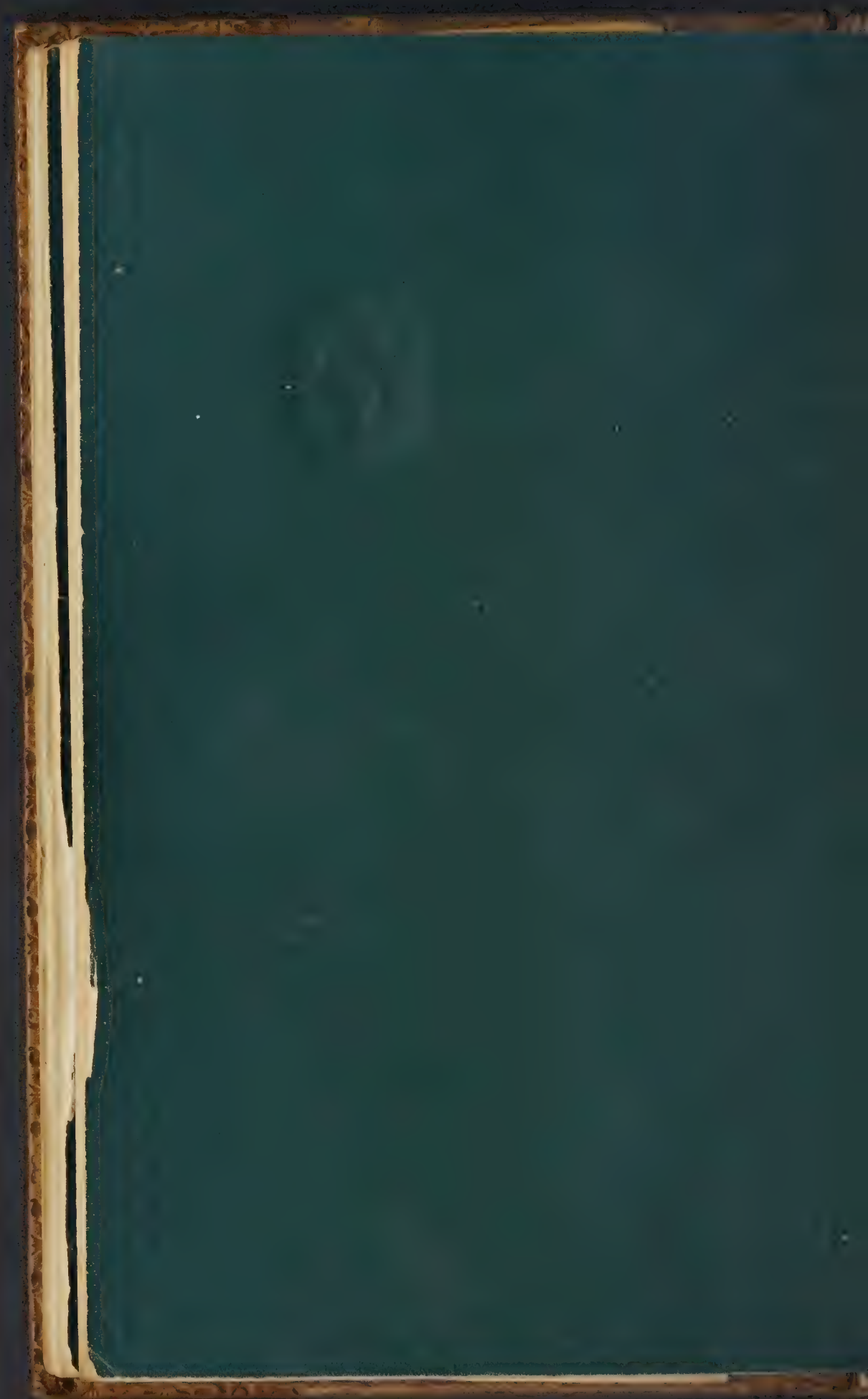
God, for is moder loue,
Let vs neuer thider come.
Louerd, for thi muchele grace,
Graunte vs in heouene one place :
Let vs neuer be forloren,
For no sunne, Crist, ycoren.
Ah, bring vs out of helle pyne,
Louerd, ous ant alle thyne ;
Ant 3ef vs grace to libbe ant ende
In thi seruice, ant to heuene wende.

AMEN.]









10/7/35

British Museum

Oct. 15. 1835.

My dear Sir,

In reply to your letter, I have only to say, that
it gave me one great pleasure to collate for
you the lines from the Arab. Ind. 225-3. and
I send you below the result. When Mr. Miller
presented this 'miracle' play; from the Arab
Ind. he sent me a copy, & begged me to point
out any faults in it. I good naturedly
bade the author to collate it thoroughly.
& sent him the result, but instead of
feeling obliged, it had almost been quarrelled,
for he was silly enough to defend his
own readings of the Arab. for instance
Jesus instead of Jhesu, vv. 4. 5. 14. 16. &c. them
for zeune, v. 24. de the for de ze v. 34. &c. &c. finding
him obstinate on these points (which he ^{was} con-
siderably enough to call my a), I dropped the cor-
respondence, and in consequence have not
received

from Mr. C. the third of his promised Plays,
which was to contain a Glossary. I have said
this much merely as an illustration of the
difficulties, ^{with} ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ collecting for a
friend, but I trust you have more good-
sense ^{than} to later offence at any thing of
the sort - I am certain I have myself.
Before I proceed to the Poem, I must
try to correct an error you have been led
into at starting by Mr. C. He says the
Hartleian Ins. is "certainly ^{as old as} the reign of
Edward III. if not older". He ought to have
known that the Ins. is unquestionably
as early as the years 1310-1320. and
consequently is more ancient than the An-
thelmian Ins. which was, I believe, not com-
piled till after 1330

Collation.

v. 5. For to vacche - Read Lorte vacche - so
written & pronounced as one word. Collier has
printed it correctly.

- 6. parafoty - delete the st, as the word parafoty

was at that period explained from the French
parais.

v. 15 seide. Read seid.

- 16. leene. Read léeue.

- 19. Ant. Read An

- 21. the. Read th[e] - a letter is omitted in

the text.

- 26. bapast [baptist] Read baptist, and
delete the ~~supposed~~ correction.

- 30. You place a quarry opposite prisons. It
is quite correct - being a very common use
of the word for prisoners.

- 65. I doubt whether [better] is required here -
the line is very well without it.

- 86. Then myght. Read Thenne myght.

- 138. } bi nein [birenen?] There is no need of this
144. and better harkens, which should be deleted.
Bi-nein or Birenin (you may print it
as you please) is a very common verb &
signifies to take from, deprive.

- 142. Monkinne for to. Read monkinne forte

- v. 171. Bring us. Read Bryng vs
- it. land. Read land.
- 172. hand. Read hand.
- 222. of from. Delete of.
- 237. pine. Read pyne.
- 245. Transpose the lines first four lines of Moyse speak, and delete the row of dots, and the h at the end of v. 246. They should stand thus:

Moyse says it.

Lord! thou gave me all with skill
 The lay [of] singing on the hill.
 [I chant Moyse, the prophete,
 That held the lawes that thou byhete;
 That thou Ihesu, Godes sonne, &c.

- 255. And. In the Ins. &.
- 259. There. Read Ther.
- 261. lone. Read loue
- 262. us. Read vs.
- 263. Grant. Read graunte
- 267. Ah! Delete the mark of an interjection. It is a conjunction, and means but (see)
- 268. ant. In the Ins. &.
- 269. gif. Read 3ef.
- it. ant. In the Ins. &.
- 270. service. Read seruice.

Allow me
~~I sent to you~~ to remark that the numbers
of your lines could look ^{much} neater if they were
of a smaller size.

I sent to Manchester, as I told you I
should do, and copied the whole of the
Romance of Torrente, which is founded on
a story in the Gesta Romanorum but ^{it} ~~the~~
~~story~~ does not appear in the common editions.
It is, as you remark, too full of giants, and
in description, much inferior to some of
its contemporaries. I also copied the
Psalms at the end ^{of the same book}, which is evidently
the original of the life of Becket ~~unworthy~~; &
I intend to print it shortly in the
Gesta. May. I ^{shall} have a separate
copy or two struck off, & one shall be
at your service. The Romance of Alexander
is Trinity (old. Date. is, as I pronounced it
to be, the same as the one in the last
edition.

Believe me
Yours very truly
J. Madden.

David Laing, Esq.

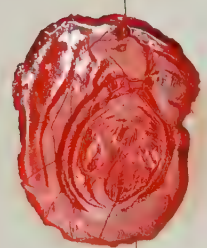
Travelling by.

49 Little Bridge

Chesham

at Frederick Maden
d. d. 17
British Museum

11/11/17

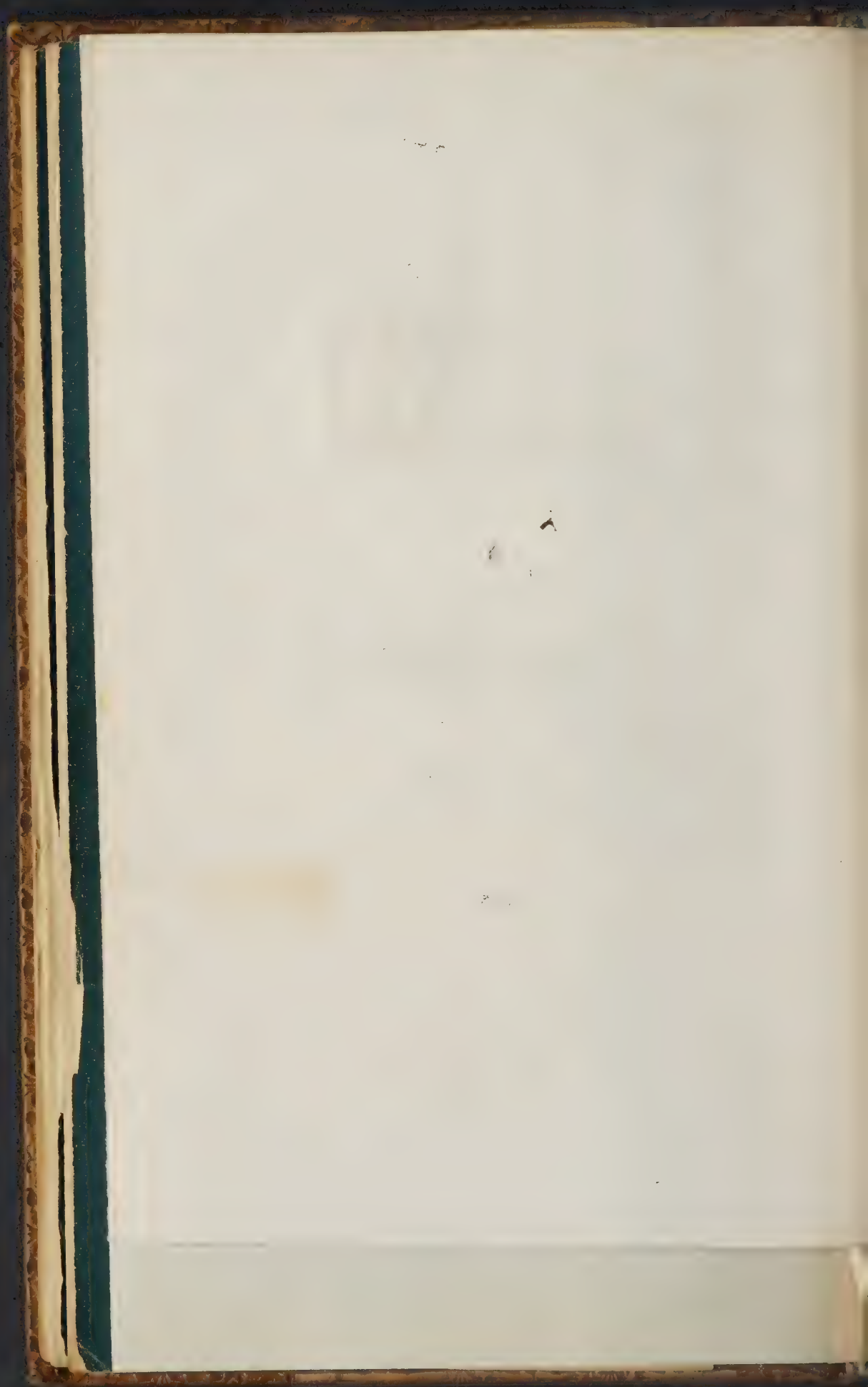


D. W. G.

THE
HARROWING OF HELL.

Miracle Play.

PRINTED FROM
THE AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT.



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the Prologue, and the 22 lines of the conclusion, which are here supplied from that MS. For minute variations (as these occur in every other line of the text) the reader may be left to make his own comparison. It may be sufficient to state that the Auchinleck MS. seems to be the preferable text, and that it preserves 20 lines interspersed, which are not contained in the Harleian MS. On the other hand, that copy has supplied the nineteen lines (numbered 31-2, 85-6, 139—142, 171-2, 177, 204-5, 208—9, 231-6, and 245-6,) which have been printed within brackets.

EDINBURGH, *July*, 1835.

Only forty copies printed.

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HARROWING OF HELL.

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Of Jhesu ant of Sathan,
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Nas non so holy prophete,

10 Seththe Adam and Eue then appel ete,
Ant he were at this worldes fyne,
That he ne moste to helle pyne :
Ne shulde he neuer thenne come
Nere Jhesu Crist, Godes sone,

15 Vor that wes seide to Adam ant Eue.
That were Jhesu Crist so lééue ;
Ant so wes seyde to Habraham,
That wes sothfast holy man ;

20 ~~And~~ so wes seid to Dauid, the kyng,
 That wes of Cristes oune ofspryng;
 Ant to Johan the ~~baptist~~ ~~[baptist,]~~
 That folowede Jhesu Crist;
 Ant to Moyses, the holy whyt,
 The heuede the lawe to zeme ryht;
 25 Ant to mony other holy mon,
 Mo then Ich telle con,
 That weren alle in more wo,
 Then Y con ou telle fro.]

Vn til Crist loked thaim vn to,
 30 As man aught to prisouns do.

[Jhesu Crist arew hem sore,
 Ant seide he wolde vacche hem thore.]
 He lighted out of his heighe tour
 In to seynt Mari bour:
 35 He was born for our misdede,
 In this world in pouer wede:
 In this world he suffred dede,
 For to deliuer ous fram the qued.
 Than Jhesu hadde spilt his blod
 40 For our sinnes on the rode,
 He nam him the right way
 Vn to helle, for sothe to say;
 Than he com ther, than seyde he,
 As Y schal now telle thé.

DOMINUS AIT.

- 45 Hard gates haue Y gon,
And suffred pines mani on ;
Thritti winter and thridde half zere
Haue Y wond in lond here :
Almast is so michel gan
- 50 Seththen Y bicom first man :
Seththen haue Y fond and wist
Hot and cold, hunger and threst ;
Man hath don me schame, and though,
With word, with dede and michel wough
- 55 Thai tok me with outen sake,
Thai bond min honden bihinde mi bac ;
Thai bete me til Y ran on blode,
Thai dempt me to hong on rode ;
Alle for Adams sinne, Y wis,
- 60 Than haue Y tholed this :
Adam, thus dere haue Y bought,
And thou no louedest me neuer nought ;
Adam, Y haue bought ful sare
And Y wil suffre it na mare ;
- 65 To day Y schal bring of [helle] pine
Adam, thé and alle thine !

SATANAS DIXIT.

Who is that Ich here thare ?
Y rede that he spek na mare

For he may so michel do,
 70 That he schal comen ous vnto,
 For to ben our fere
 And loke hou we playen here.

DOMINUS AIT.

Thou may wele wite mi play,
 That min wil Y haue oway.
 75 Wele thou wost wat Ich am !
 More than thritti winter is gan
 That thou hast framed me,
 For to wite what Y be !
 Seththen foundestow neuer nan
 80 With me, as with another man ;
 And thou wost wele for than
 That Ich am more than ani man :
 Thou schalt wite this ich day,
 That Y schal haue min oway :
 85 [Wen thou bileuest al thyn one :
 Then myght thou grede ant grone.]
 And Y schal the leue here
 In sorwe among thine fere.

ne/ &

SATANAS DIXIT.

Par ma fay, Ich hald mine
 90 Al that ben here inne :
 With resoun wil Y telle thê

- That ther ogain may thou nought be,
 That me bihoueth haue and hald
 And with ouden ende wald ;
 95 For who so biggeth ani thing,
 Nowe to ben his with ouden lesing,
 Adam hungri come me to
 Manred I made him me to do ;
 For an appel that I gaf him,
 100 He is min, and al his kin.

DOMINUS AIT.

- Satanas, he seyde, it was min
 The appel that thou gaf him,
 The appel, and the appel tre,
 Bothe war maked thurch me.
 105 Hou may thou on ani wise
 Of other mennes thing mak marchandise ?
 Seththen thou boughtest him with mine,
 With resoun schuld Ichaue him.

SATANAS DIXIT.

- Jhesu, wele Y knawe thé :
 110 That ful sore reweth me.
 Thou art Lord ouer al,
 And euer was, and ay be schal.
 Heuen and erthe weld thou thé,
 The soules in helle lat thou be,

- 115 Lat me haue that Ich halde,
That thou hast wele mot thou it wald.

DOMINUS AIT.

- Sitte now still, Satanas :
Thé is fallen ames as.
Wenestou that Y dyed for nought ?
120 With mi dede was mankin bought :
Thai that haue serued me,
In blis schal thai euer be :
Thai that nothing serued me,
Thai schal in helle be with thé :
125 Bot thou schalt ben in more pine,
Than ani other that is there inne.

SATANAS DIXIT.

- Ther may me no man wers do,
Than Ichaue had hider to.
Ich haue hadde so michel wo,
130 That me no rek whider Y go !
Zif thou bireuest me of mine,
Y schal bireue thé of thine.
Y schal go fro man to man,
And bireue thé mani an.

DOMINUS AIT.

- 135 So Y schal speke thé with,

That Y schal do thé hold grith ;
 So fast schal Y binde thé.
 That fewe schaltou bi-nim [~~birenen?~~] me.
 [Thou shalt buen in bondes ay,

- 140 O that come domesday ;
 Thou shalt neuer out wende
 Monk/lune for ~~to~~ shende :]
 Were thou vn bounde among men,
 Al thou wost bi-nim me hem ;
 145 The smale deuels, that er vn-strang,
 Thai schal among mankin gang,
 And al schul thai haue pain ;
 That wil nought stond hem o~~ga~~in.

- Helle gates Y com zou to,
 150 Now Ich wil that ze vndo !
 Whare is he that gate ward ?
 Ich hold him for a coward.

JANNATOR AIT.

- Ich haue herd wordes hard,
 Whi Y no may be no steward :
 155 Y lete hem stond, and ren oway,
 Let hem zeme who so may.

DOMINUS AIT.

Helle gates here Y zou felle,
 And seththen wil Ich Herwe Helle.

Lucifer here Y thé binde,
 160 Schaltow neuer hethen winde
 Vntil it com domesday.
 Fare thou seththen whare thou may,
 Fare thou seththen ware thou fare,
 No dostow neuer man care.

ADAM DIXIT.

165 Welcom, Lord God of lond,
 Godes sone, and Godes sond!
 Welcom, Lord, mot thou be
 Long haues ous thought after thé!
 Lord, seththen thou art comen to ous
 170 Thou bring ous out of this hous :
 [Bring ^{us} of this lothe hand,
 y/ q/ Louerd, henne in to thyn hand.] o/ o/
 Lord, thou wost what Icham
 Thou me schope of erthe man,
 175 And thou me clepetest sone, Adam,
 And 3if Ich haue sinnes wrought,
 [For Y thyn heste hued noht,
 Ful dere now here Ichaue hem bought!
 Who so sinneth ani wight,
 180 The sinne is more than the plight;
 3a, leue Lord, Godes sone,
 Welcom be thou and worth come!
 Al, Lord, that here be
 Haue 3erned, Lord, after thé.

185 We hope wele of thi coming,
Of our sinnes haue botening.

EUA AIT.

Knawe me, Lord, Icham Eue
Adam and Ich ware thé so leue;
Thou 3aue ous to 3eme paradys,
190 And we it 3emed as vnwise,
When we thi comandment for lete,
When we of that appel ete.
So long haue we ben here inne,
That wele haue we bet our sinne;
195 Leue Lord, 3iue ous leue,
Adam and [me] his wiif Eue,
To fare out of this foul wike,
In to the blis of heuen rike.

DOMINUS AIT.

Adam, Y haue 3ouen mi lif
200 For thé, and for Eue thi wiif:
Wenestow Ichadde ben ded for nought?
For mi ded is mankin bought.

ABRAHAM AIT.

Lord Crist, Ich it am
That thou cleptest Abraham
205 [Thou me seidest, that of me

- Shulde such a child y-bore be.]
 Thou schult com to helle pine
 For to haue ous, Lord, for thine.
 [Thou art the child, thou art the man,
 210 That wes y-bore of Habraham,]
 Do astou bi-het me,
 Bring me, Lord, to heuen with [thé.]

DOMINUS DIXIT.

- Abraham, it was wel
 That thou seydest eueridel;
 215 For mi swete Moder wes
 Born and schapen of thi fles.

DAUID DIXIT.

- Lord, Icham Dauid the king
 That was born of thine of s[pring.]
 Also astow me bi het,
 220 Thurch the lore of that prophete,
 [Nou thou art come to ous
 Bring vs ~~of~~ from this dredful hous]
 Thou bring ous of this foule
 To the blis of heuen y-core.

a word
away in the

DOMINUS AIT.

- 225 Dauid, thow was born of mi [kyn,]
 For thi godenes thou art m[yn].
 More for thi godenesse,
 Than for ani sibbenesse.

JOHANNES DIXIT.

- Lord Crist, Icham Johan,
 230 That thé hof in the flom Jordans.
 Now a gode while is agon,
 That Y suffred martirdom :
 Thou sentest me the right way
 In to helle, for soth to say,
 235 [That thou, Crist, Godes sone,
 Sone shuldest to helle come ;]
 That thou schult deliuer of helle [p^{ne}] y/
 That thou ther in fond, Lord, of thi[ne] :
 Now artow comen for to do
 240 That thou saidest me vnto.

DOMINUS AIT.

Johan, Johan, Ich it wat
 That Y sent thé the gat
 Thou schalt se that Y schal do,
 That thou seydest me vnto.

MOYSES DIXIT.

- [Icham Moyses, the prophete,
 That hued the lawes that thou byhete :]
 245 Lord, thou zaue me alwith skil,
 The lay [of] Sinay on the hil.

That thou Jhesu, Godes sone,

250 Woldest to the helle come,
 Ant that thou woldest come to bete
 The sunnes that Adam thohte suete.

DOMINUS.

Moyeses, that Ich hihte thé
 In the olde lawe thou duded me,
 255 And alle the other that mine buen,
 Shule to blisse with me tuen.
 They that nolden on me leuen,
 Shule with Sathanas bileuen.
 Ther~~e~~ hue shulen wonen ay,
 260 O that come domesday.

God, for is moder love,
 Let us neuer thider come!
 Louerd, for thi muchele grace,
 Graunt vs in heouene one place!
 265 Let vs neuer be forloren,
 For no sunne, Crist, y-coren!
 Ah bring vs out of helle pyne,
 Louerd, ous ant alle thyne;
 Ant gif vs grace to libbe ant ende
 In thi service, ant to heuene wende.

AMEN.]

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO., PAUL'S WORK.

W. F. Madden



FIVE

Miracle Plays,

OR

SCRIPTURAL DRAMAS.

PRIVATELY PRINTED

UNDER THE CARE OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER, F.S.A.

LONDON:

1836.

[Faint, illegible text]

[Faint, illegible text]

LONDON:

F. SHOBERT, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER S.

INTRODUCTION.

A Miracle Play is the oldest form of our national drama: whether such productions were originally written and performed in this country in Latin or in French is a point that has been considered in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. II. p. 129.

The five pieces here for the first time printed are among the earliest in our language. The MS. of "The Harrowing of Hell" is as ancient as the reign of Edward II., ~~or Edward III.~~; three other Miracle Plays — "The Sacrifice of Abraham," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," and "The Marriage of the Virgin" — are from the MSS. of the time of Henry VI.; and although the MS. of "The Advent of Antichrist" is not older than the close of the reign of Elizabeth, there is no doubt that it had been performed considerably before the Reformation.

1. Mr. Collier obstinately adheres to his old error, although the writing of the Harl. Ind. is of the reign of Edward II. J. M.

Only twenty-five copies of each of the Dramas have been printed, and even this very limited impression has been found more than equal to the demand in this country, from any interest taken in the important and curious subject. The Editor will, therefore, have it in his power to comply with the wishes of several foreign universities, especially in Germany, where the origin and progress of English Dramatic Poetry is considered an inquiry worthy of zealous, learned, and accurate investigation.

J. P. C.

THE
SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

A
Miracle Play.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM
MS. TRIN. COLL. DUBLIN.

THE Sacrifice of Abraham forms part of every known series of Miracle Plays; but, in the MS. from which it is now printed, (to which the date of the reign of Henry VI. may be safely assigned), it is found separate from any other pieces of the same description. There can, however, be little doubt that it was originally represented as one of a succession of Scriptural Dramas.

It is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (Class D, Tab. 4, No. 18), where it was recently discovered by Mr. D. Laing, of Edinburgh, to whom the literature of Scotland, in particular, is under so many obligations. It is here printed from his transcript, most obligingly collated by the Rev. James H. Todd, the librarian to the University.

The performance is complete in itself, commencing with an appropriate introduction in the person of the Deity, and terminating with a species of Epilogue, which, in four lines, enforces the moral of the exhibition. The incidents are conducted very naturally and pathetically, and the language possesses much of that forcible simplicity which belongs to a period when artificial refinements of expression were happily unknown.

Only twenty-five Copies printed.

THE
SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

DEUS.

Of all thing there ever was I am the begynner,
Bothe hevenly and erthly, and of hem that ben in hell :
At my bidding was wrought bothe goode man and
synner,

All in joy to haue dwellid, tyl Adam to syn fell.
His vnkindnes hathe displesid me, truthe for to tell,
For many a thing made I for his joy and daliaunce.
Whi sholde he displese me that I loued so well,
And comaunded hym but on thing, and yet e forfetid
my plesaunce ?

But yit sith he hath displesid me, I have made
proviaunce

That anoder of his kynd shal plese me a geyne,
The which hathe euer be my servaunt in al maner
observaunce :

Abraham is his name, my man that cannot feyne,
But evyr hathe be trewe,

Her before he requyred me hye
 To haue a childe of his body,
 And I graunted hym, and hathe on redely,
 Isaac ful feyr of hewe.
 Of al thing erthely, I wot well, he loveth him best :
 Now, he shuld loue me moste, as reson wold and
 skylle,
 And so, I wot well, he dothe, I dyd it neuer mistrest ;
 But yit for to preue hym the truthe wol I fele.
 Myne aungel, go to Abraham, that I loue right wele,
 And say that I comaunded and charged hym aboue
 all thinge,
 The furst dede that he dothe, outhere mate or mele,
 To make sacrifice vnto me of Isaac his son yynge.

ANGELUS.

O blessid lord, I am redy at thi bidding
 To do that shal plesse the in hevyn, erthe and helle,
 For all these owen to the obedience aboue all thing :
 This message vnto Abraham thi servaunt I wol go telle.

DEUS.

Then hye the that thou were on grounde.
 I do not but to assay hym,
 And if he do it I wol not dismay hym :
 Of hys sorow I shall delay hym,
 And for on childe encrease him a m^{li}

*[Et vadit angelus ad terram, et expectat usque
 dum Habraham dicit.]*

ABRAHAM.

O gret god on hye, that al the worlde madest,
 And lendist vs our leving here to do thi plesaunce,
 With swete counfort of the erthe all our hertys gladest,
 To the be honour, to the be ioy and all dewe obesaunce :
 And, hely lord, I thank the that so makest my
 proviaunce

To provide or I dye a childe of myne owne body,
 To rejoyse that thou gave me in erthe to my daliaunce,
 And to plesse the, souereigne lord, I shal charge hym
 perfity,

Isaac, my son so dere.

I haue ben out all day,

Now shal I go home and to my wif and say,

Ther shal I fynde bothe tway,

Sara and Isaac in fere.

[*Et vadit, et in eundo obruit ei angelus,
 et dicit.*

ANGELUS.

Abraham, Abrabam.

ABRAHAM.

Alredy ; who calleth ? lo, her I am.

Who is ther, in the hye lordes name,

That al thing shope of nought ?

ANGELUS.

I am here, a messanger

Of that souereigne lord enter,

Therefore herkyn now and her

What message I haue brought.
 The goode lord of al hevenes hye
 Comaundeth the to take and sacrifice
 Isaac, thi son that thou louest so hertlye,
 To his souerente and pleasaunce blyue.
 Farewele, for my message I haue the sayde.

HABRAHAM.

Aungel, as god wol : I am right wele payde,
 For of me his wille shal neuer be with nayde,
 Whil I am on lyve.
 And hardly, aungel, trust ther to,
 For doughtles it shal be do.

ANGELUS.

Fare wele than, for I wol go
 To bring our lord relacion.

HABRAHAM.

Now, goode lord, graunt me hert there tylle,
 That I may do that is thy wille :
 And be my trouthe I shal it fulfille
 Without fraude, outhere cavelacion.

[*Et vadit angelus, et dicit Abraham.*

A, goode lord, what is now best to do ?
 Home to my wif I most nedis go,
 For ther is Isaac, and I trowe she wol be ful wo,
 If she knew the case ;
 For she hathe hym and no mo,
 And if I telle her that it is so,

That god wol have hym to dethe I do,
She faileth not of sorowes trase.
No forse, I have levyr that she displesid be,
Than that god be wrothe with me.
Now doughtles I shal go and se
How prevely that I can it do.
Vndo these gates : hey, who is here ?

SARA.

None but I, and my sonn dere.
Welcom my lord, welcom my fere,
Welcom my counfort also.
A, ye haue walkid ferr a boutte :
Howgh haue ye fare whil ye haue be oute ?
Without fayle I have had gret dowte
Last any thing did you grevaunce.

HABRAHAM.

Nay, I thanke the goode lord,
All thing and I done wel acorde,
Saving this : my goode lord hath sent me worde,
That I moste nedis go do his plesaunce,
I most do sacrifyse vpon that hille on hye,
And therfore, sirs, maketh myne asse redye ;
And Isaac, sonn, thou neuer yit me sye
Do no soche observaunce.
Therfore aray the, and go with me ;
And lerne how god shuld plesid be,
For sonn and euer thou thenke to the,
Put euer god to honowraunce.

ISAAC.

So shall I, fadir, and euer haue do,
As ye haue taught me, and my moder also.
Loke, when euer that ye wol go
I shal not be behynde.

SARA.

Ye, but I pray you, gentil fere,
As euer ye haue loued me dere,
Lat Isaac abide at home here,
For I kept not he went in the wynde.

HABRAHAM.

Peese, dame, lat be, do way.
Thou wost wele I wax right gray,
And this childe neuer yit say
How god shuld be plesid.
And ther fore now he shal go with me,
And this he shal bothe know and se,
How that god shal plesid bee
And myne hert I esid.

SARA.

Then, sithe ye wol haue forthe my childe;
Goode, loke that his horse be not to wilde;
And, sirs, wayte on hym that he be not defilde
With neither cley nor fen.
And loke wele that his horse go rownde
And that he stumbel not for no pownde.

Now, good ht god send the home sownde,
Thi fadir and all his men.

HABRAHAM.

Gete hidre our horses and let vs go hen,
Bothe I, and Isaac, and these two men,
And loke me haue fyre and stikkes to bren.
Lepith vp haue I do anon.

SARA.

All thing is redy, I you say ;
But, gentil hert, I you pray,
Tary as litel while out as ye may,
Be cause of Isaac, my sonn.

[*Et equitat, et equitando Habraham dicit.*]

HABRAHAM.

Now, sirs, abide here ye two :
Taketh her my horse and Isaac also,
For he and I most a litel farther go
To do this sacrificyse.
And I charge you that ye abide here, in deede,
And that ye remeve not from this stede,
Whil Isaac and I go do this dede
To god in our best wise.
Come hidre, Isaac, my sonn goode,
Take vp this fyre and this wode,
Spare not thi clothes, geue me thi hode,
I shall not combre the sore.

ISAAC.

Now gawe fader, that this dede were hyed,
For this wode on my bak is wel tyed ;
But where is that quyk best that shal be sacrificed,
Behynde vs or a fore ?

HABRAHAM.

Sonn, care not therfore on neuer aside,
But let god alone ther with this tyde,
And for our wey he shal provyde
And defend vs from fere.
A, sonn, I haue aspyed the place,
That god hathe provided vs of his grace.
Come on, sonn, a right goode pace,
And hye vs that we wer there.
Now, Isaac, sonn, I may no lenger refrayne,
Bot I most tell the truthe certayne,
And therfore loke thou be not ther a gayne,
But do it with all thi wille.
The hye God, that all hathe wrought,
Comaunded me that hider thou shuldest be brought,
And here thi body shal be brought to nought
Vnto sacrificise on this hille.
Lay downe that wode on that auter there,
And fast delyuer the, and do of thi gere.

ISAAC.

Alas, gentyl fader, why put ye me in this fere ?
Have I displesid you any thing ?

Gif I have trespass, I cry you mercy,
And, gentil fader, lat me not dye.
Alas, is there none other beste but I,
That may plesse that hy kyng?

HABRAHAM.

Nay, sonn, to me thou hast do no trespass,
But thou hast my blessing in euery place;
But I may not forget the lordes grace,
That all thing hathe me sent.
For and it shuld be after me,
I had leuer haue slayne al my bests than the,
But his wille nedys fulfilled most be,
And truly so is mynn entent

ISAAC.

Alas, what haue I displesid that lord of blisse,
That I shal be martyred in this mysse!
But, gentil fader, wot my modre of this,
That I shal be dede?

HABRAHAM.

She? nay son, Crist for bede.
Nay, to telle her it is no nede,
For whan that euer she knoweth this dede,
She wol ete after but litel brede.

ISAAC.

In feithe, for my moder I dar wel say,
And she had wist of this aray,

I had not riden out from her this day,
But she had riden also.

HABRAHAM.

Ye, sonn, god most be serued ay.
Thi modre may not haue her wille all way.
I loue the as wele as she doth, in fay,
And yit this dede most be do.

ISAAC.

A, fader, then do of my gowne :
Vngirde me, and take hem with you to towne,
For I may not. I falle in swowne,
Dethe hathe enbrasid mynn hert.
But on thing, fader, I pray you thus :
Let neuer my moder se my clothus,
For and she do, with outhen othus,
It wol greue her to smert.

HABRAHAM.

A, dere hert, what shal I do by the ?
Wo is me that shal sle the !
With all my goodes I wold by the,
And god wold assent there to.

ISAAC.

A, fader, do now what euer ye lyst,
For of my modre, I wot wel, I shal be myst.
Many a tyme hath she me clipt and kyst :
But fare wel now, for that is do.

She was wont to callè me her tresour and hir store,
But farewell now, she shal no more ;
Here I shal be dede, and wot neuer wherefore,
Saue that god most haue his wille.
Fader, shal my hed of also ?

HABRAHAM.

Ye, forsothe, sonn, that most nedis be do.
Alas, goode hert, that me is wo,
That euer I shuld the thus spille !

ISAAC.

Then, fader, bynde myne handes and my leggs fast,
And yeue me a gret stroke that my peynes were past ;
For last I shrinke I am right sore agast,
And than ye wol smyte me in a nother place :
Then is my payne so moche the more.
A, soffte, gentil fader ; ye bynde me sore.

HABRAHAM.

A, dere hert, wo is me there fore.
My mynde is worse than evyr it was.

ISAAC.

A, fadir, ley me downe sofft and feyre,
And haue I do nowe, and sle youre eyre,
For I am hampred and in dispeyre,
And almost at my lives ende.

HABRAHAM.

A, fayre hert rote, leve thi crye.

Thi sore langage gothe myne hert ful nye :
 Ther is no man therfore so wo as I,
 For here shal I sle my frende.
 The hye lord bad me to do this dede,
 But my hert gruccheth, so god me spede,
 My blode aborreth to se my sonn blede,
 For all a blode it is.
 Alas, that my hert is wondre sore,
 For I am now right olde and hore ;
 But god hath chose the for his owne store
 In counfer of al my mys ;
 And to be offerd to hym that is lord on hye,
 And therfore sonn take it pacientlye.
 Peraenture in batayle or other myschef thou
 myghtest dye,
 Or ellis in a nother vngoodely venjaunce.

ISAAC.

Now, fader, then sithe it is so,
 With al my hert I assent therto.
 Strecche out my nek ; anon haue do,
 And put me out of penaunce.

HABRAHAM.

Now, kisse me furst, hert rote.
 Now ly downe, strecche out thy throte.
 This taketh me ful nye, god wote,
 Goode lord to do thi plesaunce.

*[Et extendit manum ut immolaret eum, et
 dicit Angelus.]*

ANGELUS.

Habraham, leue of, and do not smyte :
Withdrawe thyn hond, it is godes wille.
Take vp Isaac, thi sonn so whyte,
For God wol not that thou hym spille.
He seethe that thou art redy for to fulfille
His comaundement in wele and wo,
And therfore now he sent me the tylle,
And bad that Isaac shuld not be sacrificed so.
And as for thi sacrificise,
Turne the and take that wedyr there,
And sacrificye hym on that awtere ;
And loke that Isaac haue no dere,
I charge the in all wise.

HABRAHAM.

A, sufferen lord, thi wille be fulfilled
In hevyn, in erthe, in watyr and clay ;
And, lord, I thank the that Isaac is not killed.
Now, lord, I know wele thou dydest but asay
What I wold sey therto, outhere ye or nay.
Thou knowest myne hert now, and so thou didest afore.
Haddest not sent thyn aungel Isaac had died this day.
But, goode lord, saue thi plesaunce, this pref was
right sore,
But yet I thank the hye
That I haue my sonnes lyve.
Gawe sonn, do on thy clothes blyve,
And let not thi moder wete of this stryve,
I pray the, sonn, hertly.

DEUS.

Habraham, loke vp and herkyn to me.
Sithe thou woldest haue done that I charged the,
And sparedist not to sle Isaac, thi sonn so fre,
The chef tresoure that thow haste,
Be mynn owne self I swer certeyn,
Thy goode wille I shal quyte ageyn,
That shal be worship vnto you tweyn
While the world shal last.
For thou sparedist not thy son for me,
Go and novmbre the gravel in the see,
Outher motes in the sunne, and it wol be
By any estimacioun,
And as thik as gravel in the see dothe ly,
As thik thy sede shal multiply,
And oon shal be borne of thi progeny
That to all shal cause saluacioun.

HABRAHAM.

A lord, I thanked euer be thy myght,
By tyme by tyde, by day and nyght.
Now, Isaac, sonn, let vs hens dight,
To our horses and our men.
Gawe, thei ben her fast by.
Hey, sirs, bring thens our horses in hy,
And let vs lepe vp here lightly,
Fast that we were hen.
Lepe vp, sonn, and fast haue I do.

ISAAC.

All redy fadre, I am, here, lo ;
Ye shal not be let whan euer ye go
Mi modre I wolde fayne se.
And yit that owre I sawe this day,
I wend I shuld haue gone my way.

HABRAHAM.

Ye, blessid be that lord, that so can asay
His servaund in euery degre.

[*Et equitat versus Saram, et dicit Sara.*

SARA.

A, welcom souereigne, with outen doute.
How haue ye fared whils ye haue ben oute ?
And, Isaac, sonn, in all this rowte
Hertly welcome home be ye.

HABRAHAM.

Gramercy, wif, fayr most you be falle.
Com thens, wif, out of your halle,
And let vs go walke, and I wol telle you alle,
How god hath sped this day with me.
Wif, I went for to sacrifye ;
But how, trowe you, telle me verylye ?

SARA.

Forsothe, souereigne, I wot not I.
Peraventure som quyk best.

HABRAHAM.

Quyk ? ye forsothe, quyk it was,
As wel I may tel you all the case,
As another that was in the same place,
For I wote wel it wol be wist.
Almighty god, that sitteth on hye,
Bad me take Isaac, thi sonn, therbye,
And smyte of hys hed and bren hym veralye,
A boue vpon yondre hille.
And when I had made fyre and smoke,
And drowe my knyf to geue hym a stroke,
An aungel cam and my wille broke,
And seid oure lord alowed my wylle.

SARA.

Alas, all then had gone to wrake !
Wold ye haue slayne my sonn Isaac ?
Nay, than, al my joy had me forsake.
Alas, where was your mynde ?

HABRAHAM.

My mynde ? vpon the goode lord on hy :
Nay, and he bid me trust it verayly,
Though it had be thi self and I
It shuld not haue ben left behynde.
God gave hym be twix vs tweyne,
And now he asked hym of vs ageyne,
Shuld I say nay ? Nay in certeyne,
Not for al the world wide.

Now he knoweth my hert verayly ;
Isaac hathe his blessing, and also I,
And hathe blessid also all oure progeny,
For euer to abide.

SARA.

Now, blessid be that lord souereigne
That so liketh to say to you tweyne,
And what that euer he lust I say not there agayne,
But his wille be fulfilled.

[HABRAHAM.]

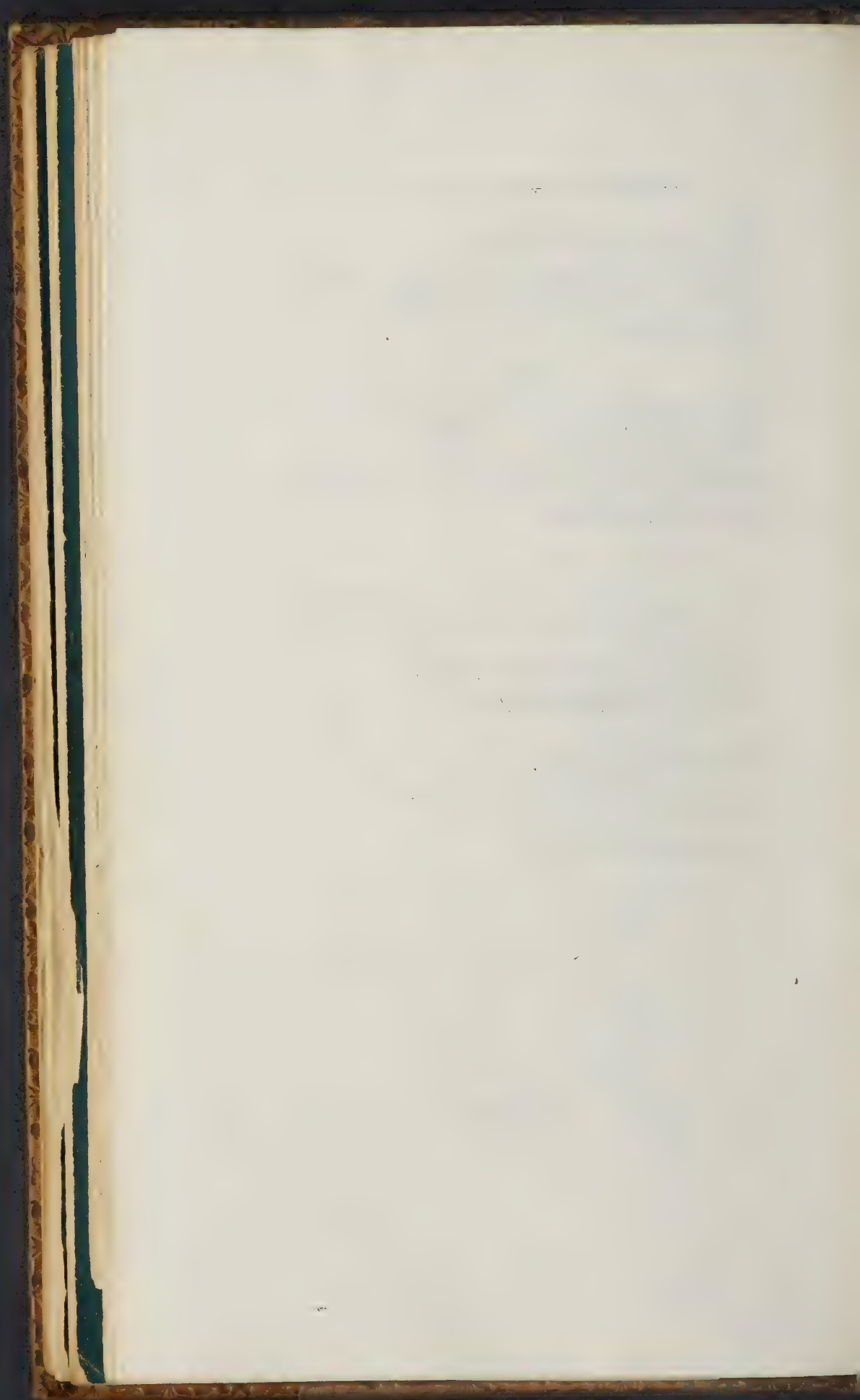
Isaac hathe no harme, but in maner I was sory ;
And yit I haue wonne his loue truly,
And euermore, goode lord, gramercy,
That my childe is not kylled.

Now, ye that have sene this aray,
I warne you all, bothe nyght and day,
What God comaundeth say not nay,
For ye shal not lese therby.

THE END.

LONDON :

F. SHOBERL, JUN., LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.



*These are the Glosses to the Dictionary
of the Shepherd.*

GLOSSARY.

Abrayde, <i>start.</i>	Buxom, <i>obedient.</i>
Aby, or by, <i>suffer.</i>	Byhihstes, <i>promisedst.</i>
Ambes aas, <i>both aces.</i>	
An, or han, <i>have.</i>	Canvas, <i>sieve.</i>
Apertlye, <i>openly.</i>	Celestly, <i>heavenly.</i>
Arew, <i>pitied.</i>	Ceyll, <i>happiness.</i>
Asay, <i>endeavour.</i>	Chefe, <i>finish.</i>
A-spyne, <i>espy.</i>	Cowthe, <i>easy.</i>
Awro, or Awre, <i>ought.</i>	Crakyd, <i>quavered.</i>
Ayre, <i>heir.</i>	Croyne, <i>crone.</i>
Ban, <i>curse.</i>	Dall, <i>hand.</i>
Barnes, <i>children.</i>	Deale, <i>partake.</i>
Bedene, <i>presently.</i>	Deare, or dere, <i>injury.</i>
Benste, <i>benedicite.</i>	Deade, <i>death.</i>
Bere, <i>noise.</i>	Demeden, <i>judged.</i>
Bete, <i>heal.</i>	Dete, <i>ditty.</i>
Bileven, <i>remain.</i>	Dewyll, <i>devil.</i>
Blent, <i>blinded.</i>	Dight, <i>prepare.</i>
Blyne, <i>cease.</i>	Dold, <i>stupid.</i>
Blyve, <i>presently, speedily.</i>	Dole, <i>portion.</i>
Boht, <i>bought.</i>	Dowse, <i>sweet.</i>
Bowrde, <i>jest.</i>	Duere, <i>dear, severe.</i>
Brekyl, <i>brittle.</i>	
Bren, <i>burn.</i>	Eorthe, <i>earth.</i>
Bueth, <i>be.</i>	Everuch del, <i>every part.</i>
Bun, <i>bound.</i>	Eychon, <i>each one.</i>

Eyre, *heir*.

Fang, *take*.

Fard, *colour*.

Faren, *come out*.

Farne, *farrowed*.

Fayture, *evil doer*.

Fell, *skin*.

Fer ant tho, *far and then*.

Fere, or feare, *companion*.

Flayd, *frightened*.

Fleyhs, *flesh*.

Flum, *river*.

Flyte, *scold*.

Folewede, *baptised*.

Fol y wis, *full certainly*.

Fond, or found, *attempt*.

Forbyar, *redeemer*.

Forgang, *deny*.

Forgulten, *requited*.

Forleten, *abandoned*.

Forshapyn, *transformed*.

Forte, *forto*.

Forthynk, *repent*.

Foyne, *plenty*.

Fowre, *fared*.

Foyde, *food*.

Fro, *free*.

Froryng, *assistance*.

Fun, *found*.

Gar, *make*.

Gates, *ways*.

Gate ward, *porter*.

Gawdys, *tricks*.

Glase?

Grede, *cry out*.

Groome, *man*.

Gryht, *prepared*.

Gyrd, *strike*.

Hakt, *continued*.

Halbe, or habbe, *have*.

Halwyd, *hallowed*.

Happyd, or hapt, *covered*.

Hardiy, *confidently*.

Harnes, *brains*.

Hege, or heze, *high*.

Height, *is called*.

Hek, *hatch*.

Hent, *take*.

Heo, *they*.

Heovene, *heaven*.

Heste, *command*.

Hetyng, *promise*.

Hevede, *had*.

Heynd, or hende, *gentle*.

Highte, *promised*.

Hogs, *unshorn lambs*.

Hose, *hot*.

Howe, *ought*.

Hyrdis, *herdsmen*.

I chulle, *I shall*.

I do, for ido, *done*.

Infere, *in company*.

Jape, *jest*.

Keele, *cool*.

Keepe, *accept*.

Knakt, *knocked*.

Knen, thy, *thine eyen*.

Lakan, *plaything*.

Lake, *play*.

Lappyd, <i>wrapped.</i>	Myn, <i>mind.</i>
Le, <i>lie.</i>	
Ledyr hyne, <i>wicked hind.</i>	Nas, <i>ne was.</i>
Lee, <i>glee.</i>	Negh, <i>near.</i>
Leedes, <i>people.</i>	Nese, <i>nose.</i>
Leere, <i>learn, or teach.</i>	Nesh, <i>soft.</i>
Leeve, <i>dear.</i>	Neven, <i>name.</i>
Leeven, <i>believe.</i>	Nome, <i>taken.</i>
Lefe, r lef, <i>leave.</i>	Nores, <i>nurse.</i>
Lele, <i>loyal.</i>	Nowthe, <i>now and not.</i>
Lengore, <i>longer.</i>	Noyne, <i>noon.</i>
Lesen, <i>release.</i>	Nurrye, <i>nurse-child.</i>
Levedest, <i>believedst.</i>	
Levyn, <i>light.</i>	Ony, <i>honey.</i>
Lewde, <i>ignorant.</i>	O that, <i>'till that.</i>
Leyne, <i>lend.</i>	Owth, <i>out.</i>
Libbe, <i>live.</i>	Oy, <i>oyez.</i>
Lig, <i>lie.</i>	
Littel, r lutel.	Payre, <i>impair.</i>
Lorne, or lore, <i>lost.</i>	Pente, <i>point.</i>
Loselles, <i>scoundrels.</i>	Pight, <i>placed.</i>
Lothe, <i>hateful.</i>	Playen, r pleyen.
Louerd, <i>lord.</i>	Po, <i>turkey.</i>
Lowlers, <i>lollards.</i>	Pouste, or postee, <i>power.</i>
Lurdans, <i>blockheads.</i>	Pref, <i>proof.</i>
	Prest, <i>ready.</i>
Maroo, <i>companion.</i>	Proviaunce, <i>provision.</i>
Mase, <i>makes.</i>	Pyght, <i>pith.</i>
Mastry, <i>power, or skill.</i>	Pyne, <i>pain.</i>
Mayll easse, <i>ill at ease.</i>	
Mayne, <i>demean.</i>	Qwaynt, <i>strange.</i>
Mell, <i>meddle.</i>	
Mene, <i>demean.</i>	Rafte, <i>reft.</i>
Mon, <i>may.</i>	Raw, <i>row.</i>
Monkinne, <i>mankind.</i>	Recche, or rek, <i>care.</i>
Monrade, <i>homage.</i>	Rede, or red, <i>advise.</i>
Moyn, <i>moon.</i>	Reve, <i>deprive.</i>
Muchele, <i>great.</i>	Rok, <i>distaff.</i>

Rowne, *whisper*.
 Ryfys, *rives*.
 Ryht, *reached*.
 Ryke, *kingdom*.
 Rype, *search*.

Sam, *together*.
 Sawtere, *psalter*.
 Sclepyr, *slippery*.
 See, *seat*.
 Shenschepe, *injury*.
 Shope, *shaped*.
 Sickerly, *surely*.
 Skawde, *scold*.
 Slokyn, *quench*.
 Slose, *slow us*.
 Snek, *latch*.
 Starne, *star*.
 Stevyn, *voice*.
 Swevyn, *dream*.

Taynted, *tried*.
 Te, *go*.
 Tene, *grieve*.
 Tharnys, *requires*.
 The, *thrive*.
 Thenne, *thence*.
 Therkeness, *darkness*.
 Tholed, *suffered*.
 Threpe, *dispute, call*.
 Tome, *empty*.
 Toyne, *tune*.
 Tray, *treachery*.
 Tuen, *to go*.
 Twynne, *divide*.
 Tythyng, *news*.

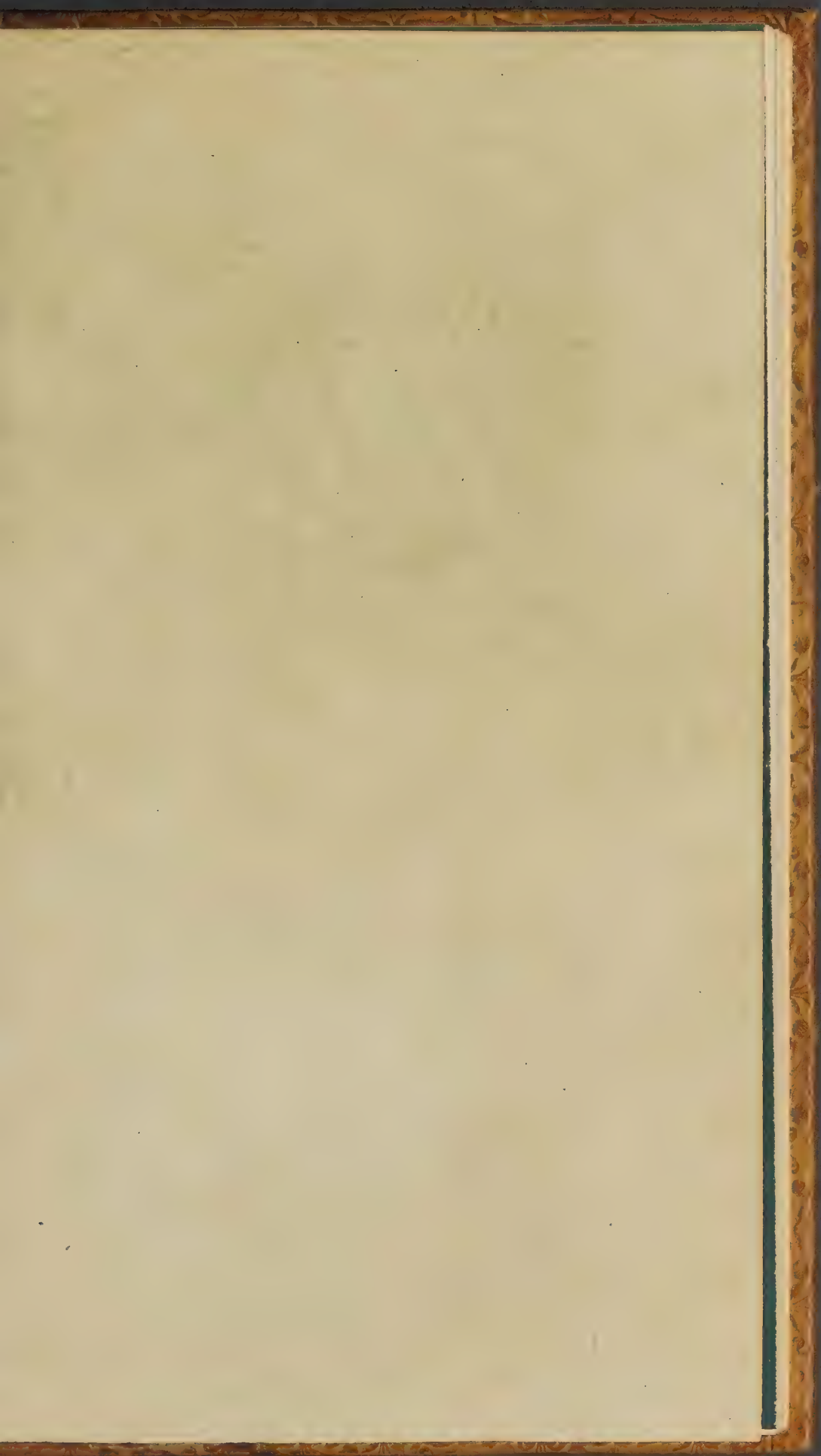
Underfoe, *undertake*.

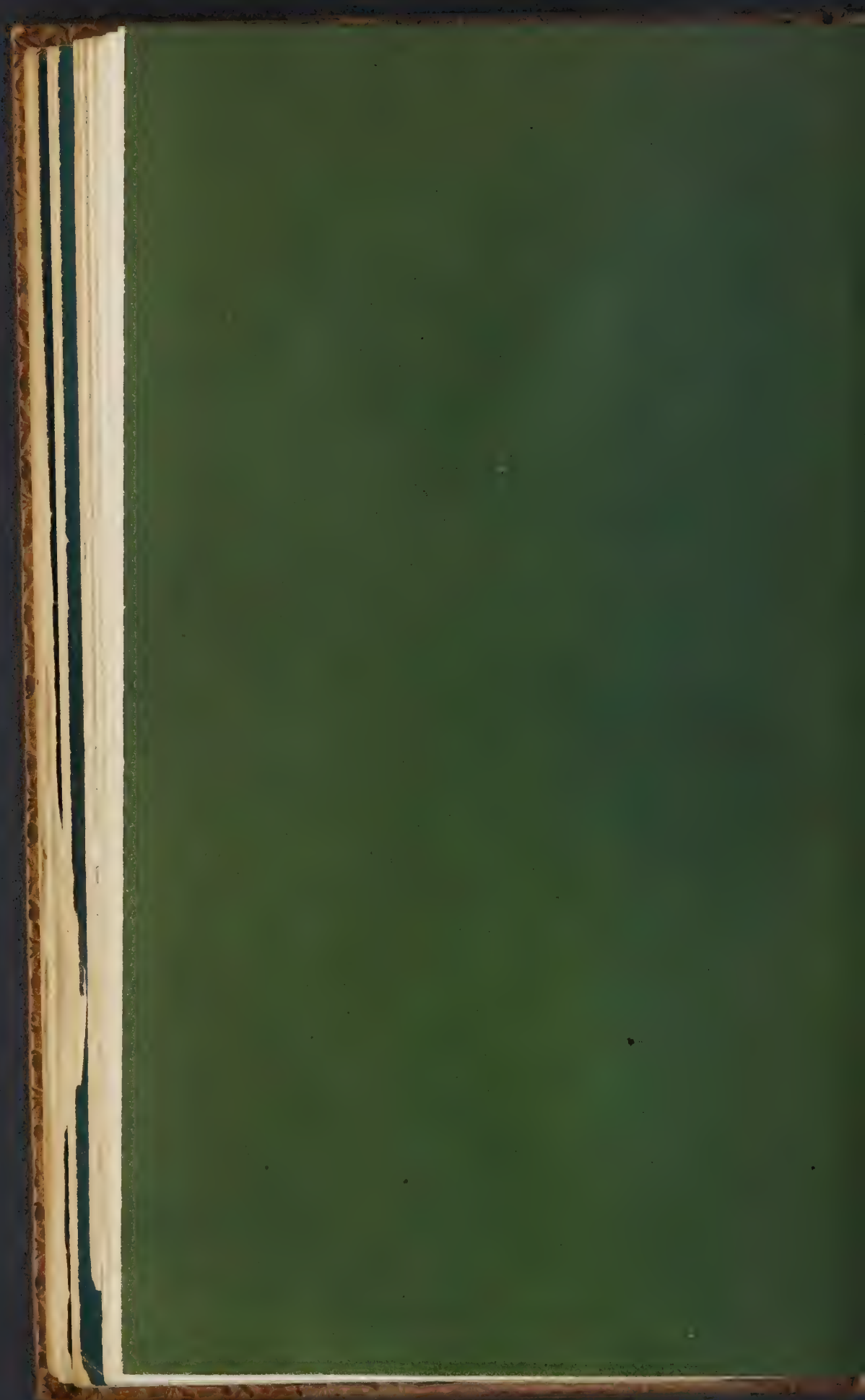
Unfayne, *sorry*.

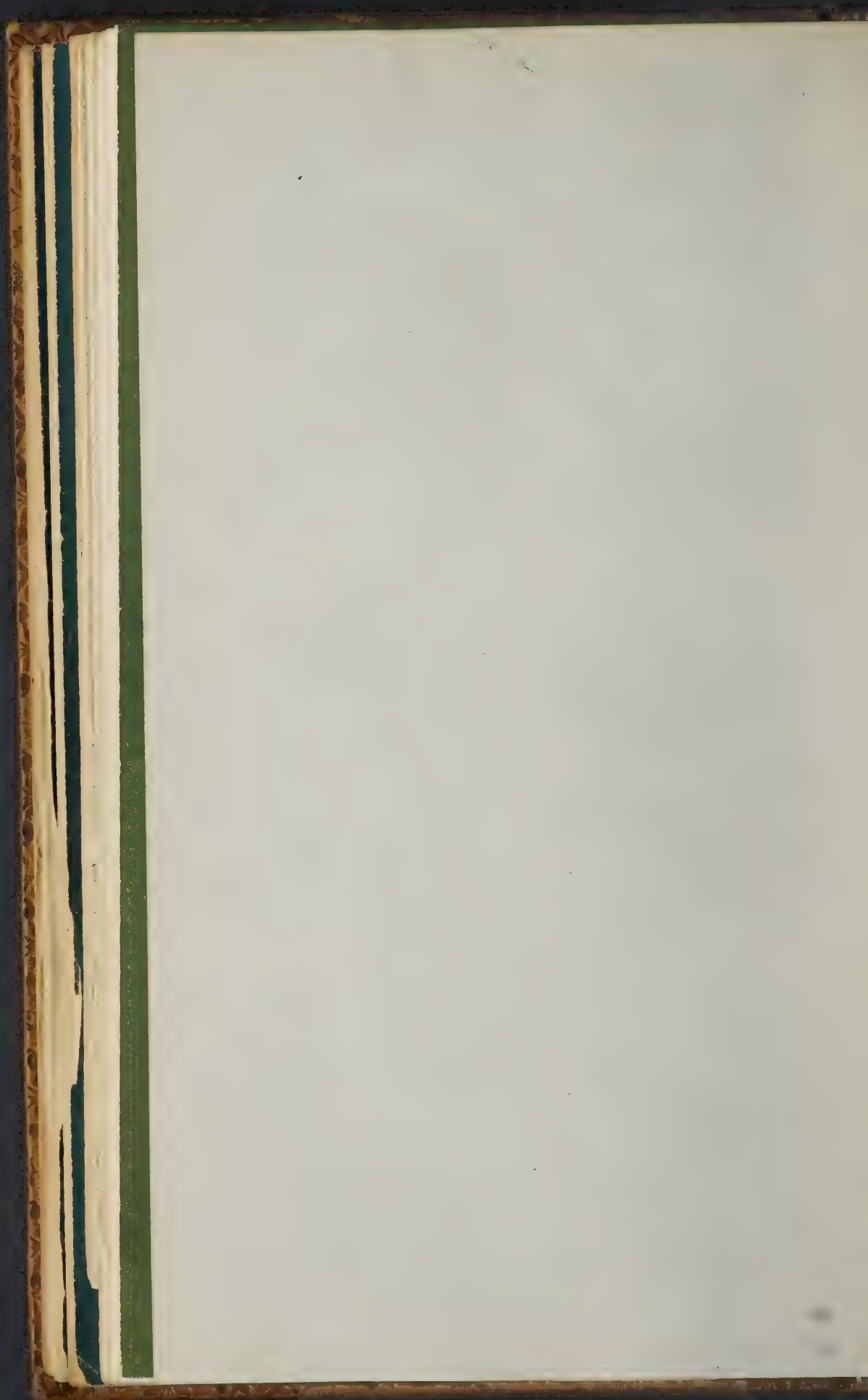
Vacche, *fetch*.
 Verament, *truly*.

Wall, *well*.
 Warloo, *warlock*.
 Wary, *curse*.
 Wayle, *weal*.
 Wayte, *knows*.
 Welde, *govern*.
 Wende, *go*.
 Wepyn, *weapon*.
 Werd, *world*.
 Were and weare, *doubt*.
 Whyt, and wight, *person*.
 Whyte, *blame*.
 Witterly, *certainly*.
 Woned, *dwelt*.
 Wond, *desist*.
 Wonne, *dwelling*.
 Woode, *mad*.
 Wost, *knowest*.
 Wreache, *care*.
 Wrokyn, *revenged*.
 Wysse, *know*.
 Wyte, *knew*.

Yare, *nimble*.
 Yardys, *wands*.
 Ycham, *I am*.
 Ycoren, *chosen*.
 Ylkon, *everyone*.
 Ynoh, *enough*.
 Yode, *went*.
 Yonge, *go*.
 Yynge, *young*.
 Yyrned, *yearned*.







THE

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A

Miracle Play.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM

THE TOWNELEY MS.

THIS Miracle-play forms the thirteenth of the series contained in the valuable folio manuscript upon vellum, belonging to P. Towneley, Esq., and it is now printed by permission of the liberal possessor: it has hitherto been mistakenly considered the twelfth play of that collection, which consists of thirty-one dramatic pieces, or pageants, founded chiefly upon the Old and New Testaments. The error arose from coupling two distinct but incomplete performances, one entitled "Isaac," the other, "Jacob."

The MS. is undated, but, from the character of the handwriting, it may be fixed pretty certainly in the reign of Henry VI. There are more ancient separate plays, but no older succession of sacred theatrical representations has yet been discovered. It obviously belonged to some religious fraternity—perhaps to that established at Widkirk Abbey—and, soon after the dissolution of the Monasteries, it devolved into the hands of the Towneley family.

No notes of place are to be found in the text beyond the mention of Ely in the twelfth, and of Lynn in the twenty-second, play; but "Wakefeld" is introduced into the titles of the first and third performances. It is quite clear, from internal evidence supplied by words and phraseology, that the MS. was of northern origin, and it seems likely that these scriptural dramas were performed long before, as well as subsequent to, the Reformation, in many towns of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the adjoining counties.

The volume contains two separate plays upon the Adoration of the Shepherds, both of a comic description; but that now printed (the second in point of order), excepting in its termination, is a farce of broad humour and drollery, without any parallel, of that period at least, in our language. Some account of it may be seen in the "History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," II., 180.

Only twenty-five Copies printed.

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THE
ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lord, what these weders ar cold, and I am yll happyd:
I am nere hand dold, so long haue I nappyd,
My legys thay fold, my fyngers are chappyd:
It is not as I wold, for I am al lappyd

In sorow;

In stormes and tempest,
Now in the eest, now in the west.

Wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow.

Bot we sely shepardes, that walkys on the moore,
In fayth, we ar nere hands outt of the doore.
No wonder, as it standys, if we be poore,
For the tylthe of our lands lyys falaw as the floore.

As ye ken,

We ar so hamyd,

For taxed and ramyd,

We ar mayde handtamyd

With thyse gentlerymen.

Thus thay refe vs oure rest, our lady theym wary!
These men that are lord fest, they cause the ploghe tary:
That men say is for the best, we fynde it contrary.
Thus are husbands opprest, in pente to myschary
On lyfe.

Thus hold thay vs hunder,
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder:
It were greatte wonder

And euer shuld we thryfe.
For may he gett a paynt slefe, or a broche now on dayes,
Wo is hym that hym grefe, or onys aganesays.
Dar noman hym reprefe, what mastery he mays;
And yit may noman lefe oone word that he says,
No letter.

He can make purveance,
With boste and bragance,
And all is thugh maintenance
Of men that are gretter.

Ther shall com a swane, as prowde as a po,
He must borow my wane, my ploghe also:
Then I am full fane to graunt or he go.
Thus lyf we in payne, anger and wo

By nyght and day.
He must haue if he langyd;
If I shuld forgang it,
I were better be hangyd,
Then oones say him nay.

It dos me good, as I walk thus by myn oone,
Of this warld for to talk in maner of mone.
To my shepe wyll I stalk and herkyn anone,
Ther abyde on a balk, or sytt on a stone

Full soyne :

For I trowe, parde,
Trew men if thay be,
We gett more compane
Or it be noyne.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Benste and dominus, what may this bemeyne ?
Why fares this warld thus, oft haue we not sent
Lord thyse weders ar spytus, & the weders full kene,
And the frost so hydus, thay water myn eeyne :

No ly.

Now in dry, now in wete,
Now in snow, now in slete,
When my shone freys to my fete

It is not all esy.

Bot as far as I ken, or yit as I go,
We sely wodmen vre mekyll wo :
We haue sorow then and then, it fallys oft so.
Sely Capyle oure hen, both to and fro

She kakyls ;

Bot begyn she to crok,
To groyne and to klok,
Wo is hym is of our cok
For he is in the shakyls.

Those men that ar wed haue not all thare wyll :
 When thay ar full hard sted, thay sygh full styll.
 God wayte thay ar led full hard and full yll,
 In bower nor in bed thay say noght ther tyll.

This tyde

My parte I haue fun,

I know my lessun.

Wo is hym that is bun

For he must abyde.

Bot now late in oure lyfys, a maruel to me,
 That I thynk my hart ryfys sich wonders to see,
 What that destany dryfys it shuld so be,
 Som men wyll haue two wyfys, and som men thre

In store :

Som ar wo that has any,

Bot so far can I

Wo is hym that has many,

For he felys sore.

Bot yong men of wowing, for god that you boght,
 Be wel war of wedyng, and thynk in youre thoght
 Had I wyst is a thyng it seruys of noght,
 Mekyll styll mowrnyng has wedyng home broght,

And grefys,

With many a sharp showre ;

For thou may cach in an owre

That shall sauour full sowre

As long as thou lyffys.

For as euer red I pystyll, I haue oone to my fere

As sharp as thystyll, as rugh as a brere ;
 She is browyd lyke a brystyll, with a sowre loten chere:
 Had she oones wett hyr whystyll, she couth syng full
 clere

Hyr pater noster :
 She is as greatt as a whall,
 She has a galon of gall,
 By hym that dyed for vs all,
 I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

God looke ouer the raw, full defly ye stand.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Yee, the deuill in thi maw, so tarian :
 Sagh thou awro of Daw ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Yee, on a ley land
 Hard I hym blaw : he commys here at hand
 Not far :
 Stand styll.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Qwhy ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

For he commys hope I.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

He wyll make vs both a ly,
Bot if we be war.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Crysts crosse me spede, and sant Nycholas !
Therof had I nede, it is wars then it was.
Whoso couthe take hede, and lett the world pas,
It is euer in drede, and brekyll as glas

And slythys.

This world fowre neuer so,
With meruels mo and mo,
Now in weyll, now in wo,

And all thyng wrythys.

Was neuer syn Noe floode sich floods seyn,
Wynds and ranys so rude, and stormes so keyn ;
Som stamerd, som stod in dowte, as I weyn.
Now God turne all to good : I say as I mene,

For ponder,

These floods so thay drowne,
Both in feylds and in towne,
And berys all downe,

And that is a wonder.

We that walk on the nyghtys oure cattell to kepe,
We se sodan syghts when othere men slepe.
Yet me thynk my hart lyghts, I se shrewys pepe :
Ye ar two all wyghts. I wyll gyf my shepe

A turne ;

Bot full yll haue I ment,

As I walk on this bent

I may lyghtly repent

My toes if I spurne.

A, sir, god you saue, and master myne.

A drynk fayn wold I haue, and somewhat to dyne.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Crysts curse, my knaue, thou art a ledyr hyne.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

What, the boy lyst raue : abyde vnto syne

We haue mayde it.

Yll thryft on thy pate ;

Though the shrew cam late,

Yit is he in state

To dyne if he had it.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Sich seruands as I, that swettys and swynkys,

Etys oure brede full dry, and that me forthynkys.

We ar oft weytt and wery, when master men wynkys,

Yit commys full lately both dyners and drynkys.

Bot nately

Both oure dame and oure syre,

When we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at oure hyre,

And pay vs full lately.

Bot here my trouth, master: for the fayr that ye make
 I shall do therafter wyrk, as I take:
 I shall do a lytyll, sir, and emang euer lake,
 For yit lay my soper neuer on my stomake.

In feyldys
 Wherto shuld I threpe?
 With my staff can I lepe,
 And men say, lyght chepe
 Letherly for yeldys.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Thou were an yll lad to ryde on wowyng
 With a man that had bot lytyll of spendyng.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Peasse, boy, I bad: no more janglyng,
 Or I shall make the full rad, by the heuens kyng,
 With thy gawdys.
 Wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Sir, this same day at morne
 I thaym left in the corne
 When thay rang lawdys.
 Thay haue pasture good; thay can not go wrong.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

That is right, by the roode: thyse nyghts ar long,
 Yit I wold or ye yode oone gaf vs a song.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

So I thocht as I stode to myrth vs emong.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

I grauntt.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Lett me syng the tenory.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

And I the tryble so hye.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Then the meyne fallys to me.

Lett se how ye chauntt.

[*Tunc intrat Mak in clamide se super togam vestitus.*

MAK.

Now, lord, for thy naymes vij, that made both moyne
and starnes,

Well mo then I can neuen, thi will, lorde, of me tharnys.

I am all vneuen, that moves oft my harnes :

Now wold god Iwere in heuen, for the wepe no barnes,

So styll.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Who is that pypys so poore ?

MAK.

Wold god, ye wyst how I foore.
Lo, a man that walks on the moore
And has not all his wyll.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, where has thou gone? tell vs tythyng.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Is he comen? then ylkon take hede to his thyng.
[*Et accipit clamidem ab ipso.*]

MAK.

What, ich be a yoman, I tell you, of the kyng,
The self and the same, sond from a greatt lordyng,
And sich.

Fy on you, goyth hence
Out of my presence:
I must haue reuerence.
Why, who be ich?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Why make ye it so qwaynt? Mak, ye do wrang.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Bot Mak, lyst ye saynt, I trow that ye lang.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

I trow the shrew can paynt: the dewyll myght hym hang.

MAK.

Ich shall make complaynt, and make you all to thwang
At a worde.
And tell euyn how ye doth ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Bot, Mak, is that sothe ?
Now take outt that sothren tothe,
And sett in a torde.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, the dewill in youre ee, a stroke wold I leyne you.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Mak, know ye not me ? by god I couth teyle you.

MAK.

God looke you all thre ; me thoght I had sene you.
Ye ar a fare compane.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Can ye now mene you ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Shrew jape,
Thus late as thou goys
What wyll men suppos ?
And thou has an yll noys
Of stelyng of shepe.

MAK.

And I am as trew as steyll, all men waytt;
Bot a sekenes I feyll, that halde me full haytt.
My belly farys not weyll, it is out of astate.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Seldom lyys the dewyll dede by the gate.

MAK.

Therefore,
Full sore am I and yll
If I stande stone styll :
I ete not an nedyll
Thys moneth and more.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

How farys thi wyff? by my hoode, how farys sho?

MAK.

Lyys walteryng, by the roodē, by the fyere lo,
And a howse full of brude: she drynkys well to.
Yll spede othere good that she wyll do,

Bot so

Etys as fast as she can,
And ylk yere that commys to man
She bryngs furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

Bot were I not more gracyus, and rychere befar,
I were eten outt of howse, and of harbar.

Yit is she a fowll dowse, if ye com nar :
Ther is none that trowse, nor knowys a war,
Then ken I.

Now wyll ye se what I profer,
To gyf all in my cofer
To morne at next to offer
Hyr hed mas penny.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I wote so forwakyd is none in this shyre :
I wold slepe if I takyd les to my hyere.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

I am cold and nakyd, and wold haue a fyere.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

I am wery for-rakyd, and run in the myre.
Wake thou ?

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Nay, I wyll lyg downe by,
For I must slepe truly.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

As good a mans son was I
As any of you.

Bot, Mak, com heder, betwene shall thou lyg downe.

MAK.

Then myght I lett you bedene: of that ye wold rowne,

No drede.

From my top to my too
Manus tuas commendo
Poncio Pilato,

Cryst crosse me spede.

[*Tunc surgit pastoribus dormientibus et dicit.*

Now were tyme for a man, that lakkys what he wold,
To stalk prively than vnto a fold,
And neemly to wark than, and be not to bold,
For he myght aby the bargan, if it were told

At the endyng.

Now were tyme for to reyll ;
Bot he neds good counsell
That fayn wold fare weyll,

And has bot lytyll spendyng.

Bot abowte you a serkyll, as rownde as a moyn,
To I haue done that I wyll, tyll that it be noyn,
That ye lyg stone styll, to that I haue doyne,
And I shall say thertyll of good words a foyne.

On hight

Ouer youre heyds my hand I lyft,
Outt go youre een fordo youre syght,
Bot yit I must make better shyft,

And it be right.

Lord, what, thay slepe hard, that may ye all here.
Was I neuer a shepard, bot now wyll I lere.
If the flock be skard, yit shall I nyp nere,
How drawes hederward : now mends oure chere

Frou sorow :

A fat shepe I dar say,

A good flese dar^{thar} I lay,

Eft whyte when I may,

Bot this will I borow.

How, Gyll, art thou in ? Get vs some lyght.

UXOR EJUS.

Who makys sich dyn this tyme of the nyght ?

I am sett for to spyn : I hope not I myght

Ryse a penny to wyn : I shrew them on hight.

So farys

A huswyf that has bene

To be rasyd thus betwene :

Here may no note be sene

For sich small charys.

MAK.

Good wyff, open the hek. Seys thou not what I bryng.

UXOR.

I may thole the dray the snek. A, com in my swetyng.

MAK.

Yee, thou thar not rek of my long standyng.

UXOR.

By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.

MAK.

Do way ;
I am worthy my mete,
For in a strate can I gett
More then thay that swynke and swette
All the long day.
Thus it fell to my lott, Gyll, I had sich grace.

UXOR.

It were a fowll blott to be hanged for the case.

MAK.

I haue skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.

UXOR.

Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says,
At last
Comys it home broken.

MAK.

Well knowe I the token,
Bot let it neuer be spoken ;
Bot come and help fast.
I wold he were slayn ; I lyst well ete :
This twelmothe was I not so fayn of oone shepe mete.

UXOR.

Com thay or he be slayn, and here the shepe blete ?

MAK.

Then myght I be tane : that were a cold swette.

So spar
The gaytt dore.

UXOR.

Yis Mak,
For and thay com at thy bak.

MAK.

Than myght I by for all the pak
The dewill of the war.

UXOR.

A good bowrde haue I spied, syn thou can none.
Here shall we hym hyde, to thay be gone ;
In my credyll abyde. Lett me alone,
And I shall lyg besyde in chylbed and grone.

MAK.

Thou red ;
And I shall say thou was lyght
Of a knaue childe this nyght.

UXOR.

Now well is me day bright,
That euer was I bred.

This is a good gyse and a far cast;
Yit a woman auyse helpys at the last.
I wote neuer who spyse : agane go thou fast.

MAK.

Bot I com or thay ryse, els blawes a cold blast.
I wyll go slepe.
Yet slepys all this meneye,
And I shall go stalk preuely,
As it had neuer bene I
That caryed thare shepe.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Resurrex a mortruis : haue hold, my hand.
Judas carnas dominus, I may not well stand :
My foytt slepys, by Jesus, and I water fastand.
I thoght that we layd vs full nere Yngland.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

A ye !
Lord, what haue I slept weyll;
As fresh as an eyll :
As lyght I me feyll
As leyfe on a tre.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Benste be here in. So my qwakys
My hart is outt of skyn, what so it makys.

Who makys all this dyn? so my browes blakys,
To the dowore wyll I wyn. Harke felows, wakys!

We were fowre :
Se ye awre of Mak now?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

We were vp or thou.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Man, I gyf God a vowe,
Yit yede he nawre.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Me thoght he was lapt in a wolfe skyn.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

So are many hapt now namely within.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

When we had long napt, me thoght with a gyn
A fatt shepe he trapt, bot he mayde no dyn.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Be styll :
Thy dreame makes the woode :
It is bot fantom by the roode.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Now God turne all to good,

If it be his wyll.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Ryse, Mak, for shame ! thou lygs ryght lang.

MAK.

Now Crysts holy name be vs emang,
What is this for ? Sant Jame, I may not well gang.
I trow I be the same. A ! my nek has lygen wrang
Enoghe,

Mekill thank, syn yister euen.

Now, by Sant Strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn

My hart out of sloghe.

I thocht Gyll began to crok, and trauell full sad,
Welnere at the fyrst cok, of a yong lad,
For to mend our flok : then be I neuer glad.
I haue tow on my rok, more then euer I had.

A, my heede !

A howse full of yong tharmes,

The deuill knock outt thare harnes.

Wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyll brede.

I must go home, by youre lefe, to Gyll as I thocht.
I pray you looke my slefe, that I steyll noght :
I am loth you to grefe, or from you take oght.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Go furth, yll myght thou chefe. Now wold I we soght

This morne
That we had all oure store.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Bot I wyll go before.
Let vs mete.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Whore ?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

At the crokyd thorne.

MAK.

Vndo this doore ! who is here ? how long shall I stand ?

UXOR EJUS.

Who makys sich a bere ? now walk in the wenyand.

MAK.

A, Gyll, what chere ? it is I, Mak, youre husbande.

UXOR.

Then may we be here, the dewill in a bande,

Syr gyle.

Lo, he commys with a lote
As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note,
A hand lang while.

MAK.

Wyll ye here what fare she makys to gett hir a glose,
And dos noght bot lakys and clowse hir toose.

UXOR.

Why, who wanders, who wakys, who commys, who
gose ?

Who brewys, who bakys ? what makes me thus hose ?

And than,

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde,

Full woful is the householde

That wants a woman.

Bot what ende has thou mayde with the hyrdys, Mak ?

MAK.

The last worde that thay sayde, when I turnyd my
bak,

Thay wolde looke that thay hade thare shepe all the
pak.

I hope thay wyll not be well payde, when thay thare
shepe lak.

Perde.

Bot how so the gam gose,

To me thay wyll suppose,

And make a fowll noyse,

And cry outt vpon me.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght.

UXOR.

I accorde me thertyll.

I shall swedyll hym right in my credyll.

If it were a gretter slyght, yit couthe I help tyll.

I wyll lyg downe stright. Com hap me.

MAK.

I wyll.

UXOR.

Behynde.

Com Coll and his maroo,

Thay wyll nyp vs full naroo.

MAK.

Bot I may cry outt haroo,

The shepe if thay fynde.

UXOR.

Harken ay when thay call: thay will com anone.

Com and make redy all, and syng by thyn oone,

Syng lullay thou shall, for I must grone,

And cry outt by the wall on Mary and John,

For sore.

Syng lullay on fast

When thou heris at the last;

And bot I play a fals cast
Trust me nomore.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

A, Coll, good morne : why slepys thou nott ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Alas, that euer I was borne ! we haue a fowll blott.
A fat wedir haue we lorne.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Mary, Gods forbott.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Who shuld do vs that skorne ? that were a fowll spott.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Som shrewe.
I haue soght with my dogs
All Horbery shrogs,
And of xv hogs
Fond I bot oone ewe.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Now trow me if ye will ; by Sant Thomas of Kent,
Ayther Mak or Gyll was at that assent.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Peasse, man, be still : I sagh when he went.

Thou sklanders hym yll; thou aght to repent.
Good spede.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Now as euer myght I the,
If I shuld euyn here de,
I wold say it were he,
That dyd that same dede.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Go we theder I rede, and ryn on oure feete.
Shall I neuer ete brede, the sothe to I wytt.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Nor drynk in my heede with hym tyll I mete.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I wyll rest in no stede, tyll that I hym grete,
My brothere
Oone I will hight:
Tyll I se hym in sight
Shall I neuer slepe one nyght
Ther I do anothere.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Will ye here how thay hak, oure syre, lyst, croyne.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hard I neuer none crak so clere out of toyne.

Call on hym.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak ! vndo your doore soyne.

MAK.

Who is that spak, as it were noyne ?

On loft,

Who is that I say ?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Good felowse, were it day.

MAK.

As far as ye may,

Good, spekes soft

Ouer a seke womans heede, that is at mayll easse.

I had leuer be dede or she had any dyseasse.

UXOR.

Go to an othere stede : I may not well qweasse.

Ich fote that ye trede goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Tell vs, Mak, if ye may,

How fare ye, I say ?

MAK.

Bot ar ye in this towne to day?

Now how fare ye?

Ye haue ryn in the myre, and ar weytt yit :

I shall make you a fyre, if ye will sytt.

A nores wold I hyre; thynk ye on yit,

Well qwytt is my hyre, my dreame this is itt.

A seson,

I haue barnes if ye knew,

Well more then enewe,

Bot we must drynk as we brew,

And that is bot reson.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode: me thynk that ye swette.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Nay, nawther mendys oure mode, drynke nor mette.

MAK.

Why, syr, alys you oght bot goode?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Yee, oure shepe that we gett,

Ar stollyn as thay yode. Oure los is grette.

MAK.

Syrs drynks.

Had I bene thore

Som shuld haue boght it full sore.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,
And that vs forthynks.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, som men trowys that it shuld be ye.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Ayther ye or youre spouse; so say we.

MAK.

Now if ye haue suspowse to Gill or to me,
Com and rype oure howse, and then may ye se
Who had hir.

If I any shepe fott,
Ayther cow or stott,
And Gyll, my wyfe, rose nott
Here syn she lade hir.

As I am true and lele, to god here I pray,
That this be the fyrst mele that I shall ete this day.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Mak, as haue I ceyll, avyse the, I say.
He lernyd tymely to steyll that couth not say nay.

UXOR.

I swelt.
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys!

Ye com to rob vs for the nonys.

MAK.

Here ye not how she gronys?
Youre hartys shuld melt.

UXOR.

Outt, thefys, fro my barne! negh hym not thore.

MAK.

Wyst ye how she had farne, youre hartys wold be sore.
Ye do wrang, I you warne, that thus commys before
To a woman that has farne; bot I say no more.

UXOR.

A, my medyll!
I pray to god so mylde,
If euer I you begyld,
That I ete this chylde
That lygs in this credyll.

MAK.

Peasse, woman, for gods payn, and cry not so:
Thou spillys thy brane, and makes me full wo.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I trow oure shepe be slayn. What fynde ye two?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

All werk we in vayn: as well may we go.

Bot hatters

I can fynde no flesh,

Hard nor nesh,

Salt nor fresh,

Bot two tome platers.

Whik catell bot this, tame nor wylde,

None, as haue I blys, as lowde as he smylde.

UXOR.

No, so god me blys, and gyf me joy of my chylde.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

We haue markyd amys : I hold vs begyld.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Syr, don.

Syr, our lady hym saue,

Is youre chylde a knaue ?

MAK.

Any lord myght hym haue

This chylde to his son.

When he wakyns he kyppys, that ioy is to se.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

In good tyme to hys hyppys, and in cele.

Bot who was his gossyppys, so sone rede ?

MAK.

So fare fall thare lyppys.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hark now, a le.

MAK.

So god thaym thank,
Parkyn and Gybon Waller, I say,
And gentill John Horne, in good fay,
He made all the garray,
With the greatt shank.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Mak, freynds will we be, for we ar all oone.

MAK.

We now I hald for me, for mends get I none.
Fare well all thre: all glad were ye gone.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Fare words may ther be, bot luf is ther none
This yere.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

I trow not oone farthyng.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Fast agane will I flyng,
Abyde ye me there.
Mak, take it in no grefe, if I com to thi barne.

MAK.

Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe, and fowll has thou
farne.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

The child will it not grefe, that lytyll day starne.
Mak, with youre leyfe, let me gyf youre barne,
Bot vj pence.

MAK.

Nay, do way : he slepys.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Me thynk he pepys.

MAK.

When he wakyns he wepys.
I pray you go hence.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Gyf me lefe hym to kys, and lyft vp the clowtt.
What the dewill is this ? he has a long snowte.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

He is markyd amys. We wate ill abowte.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Ill spon weft, I wys, ay commys foull owte.

Ay, so !

He is lyke to oure shepe.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

How, Gyb ! may I pepe ?

PRIMUS PASTOR.

I trow, kynde will crepe
Where it may not go.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

This was a qwantt gawde, and a far cast.
It was a hee frawde.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Yee, syrs, wast.

Lett bren this bawde and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde, hang at the last ;

So shall thou.

Wyll ye se how thay swedyll
His foure feytt in the medyll ?

Sagh I neuer in a credyll

A hornyd lad or now.

MAK.

Peasse byd I : what ! lett be your fare ;
I am he that hym gatt, and yond woman hym bare.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

What dewill, shall he hatt ? Mak, lo god ! Maks ayre.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Lett be all that. Now god gyf hym care,
I sagh.

UXOR.

A pratty child is he
As sytts on a womans kne ;
A dyllydowne, perde,
To gar a man laghe.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

I know hym by the eere marke : that is a good tokyn.

MAK.

I tell you, syrs, hark : his noyse was brokyn.
Sythen told me a clerk, that he was forspokyn.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

This is a fals wark. I wold fayn be wrokyn :
Gett wepyn.

UXOR.

He was takyn with an elfe :
I saw it my self.
When the klok stroke twelf
Was he forshapyn.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Ye two ar well feft; sam in a stede.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Syn thay manteyn thare theft, let do thaym to dede.

MAK.

If I trespas eft, gyrd of my heede.
With you will I be left.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Syrs, do my reede.

For this trespass,
We will nawther ban ne flyte,
Fyght ne chyte,
Bot haue done as tyte,
And cast hym in canvas.
Lord, what I am sore, in poynt for to bryst :
In fayth I may no more, therfor wyll I ryst.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

As a shepe of vij skore he weyd in my fyst.

For to slepe ay whore, me thynk that I lyst.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Now I pray you,
Lyg downe on this grene.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

On these thefes yit I mene.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Wherto shuld ye tene
So, as I say you?
[*Angelus cantat gloria in excelsis : postea dicat.*

ANGELUS.

Ryse, hyrd men heynd, for now is he borne
That shall take fro the feynd that Adam had lorne :
That warloo to sheynd, this nyght is he borne.
God is made youre freynd : now at this morne,
He behestys,
At Bedlem go se,
Ther lygs that fre
I a cryb poorely,
Betwyx two bestys.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

This was a qwant stevyn that euer yit I hard.
It is a meruell to neuyn thus to be skard.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Of gods son of heuyn he spak vpward.
All the wod on a leuyn, me thoght that he gard
Appere.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

He spake of a barne
In Bedlem, I you warne.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

That betokyns yond starne:
Let vs seke hym there.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Say, what was his song? hard ye not how he crakyd it?
Thre brefes to a long.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Yee, mary, he hakt it.
Was no crochett wrong, nor no thyng that lakt it.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

For to syng vs emong, right as he knakt it,
I can.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Let se how, ye croyne.
Can ye bark at the mone?

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Hold your tonges, haue done.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hark after, than.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

To Bedlem he bad that we shuld gang :
I am full fard that we tary so lang.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Be mery and not sad : of myrth is our sang,
Euer lastyng glad to mede may we fang,
Withoutt noyse.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hy we theder for thy ;
If we be wete and wery,
To that chyld and that lady
We haue it not to slose.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

We fynd by the prophecy — let be youre dyn —
Of Daud and Isay, and mo then I myn ;
Thay prophecied by clergy, that in a vyrgyn
Shuld he lyght and ly, to slokyn oure syn,
And slake it,
Oure kynde from wo ;

For Isay sayd so,
Cite virgo
Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Full glad may we be, and abyde that day
That lufly to se, that all myghts may.
Lord well were me, for ones and for ay,
Myght I knele on my kne som word for to say
To that chylde.
Bot the angell sayd
In a cryb was he layde ;
He was poorly arayd,
Both mener and mylde.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Patryarkes that has bene, and prophets beforne,
Thay desyryd to haue sene this chylde that is borne.
Thay ar gone full clene, that haue thay lorne.
We shall se hym, I weyn, or it be morne
To tokyn.
When I se hym and fele,
Then wote I full weyll
It is true as steyll
That prophets haue spokyn.
To so poore as we ar, that he wold appere,
Fyrst fynd, and declare by his messyngere.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Go we now let vs fare : the place is vs nere.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

I am redy and yare : go we in fere
To that bright.
Lord, if thi wylles be,
We ar lewde all thre,
Thou graunt vs somkyns gle
To comforth thi wight.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Hayll comly and clene ; hayll yong chyld !
Hayll maker, as I meyne, of a madyn so mylde.
Thou has waryd, I weyne, the warlo so wylde,
The fals gyler of teyn, now goys he begylde.
Lo, he merys ;
Lo he laghys, my swetyng,
A welfare metyng,
I haue holden my hetyng,
Haue a bob of cherys.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Hayll, sufferan sauyoure, for thou has vs soght :
Hayll frely foyde and floure, that all thyng has wroght.
Hayll full of fauoure, that made all of noght !
Hayll ! I kneyll and I cōwre. A byrd haue I broght
To my barne.
Hayll lytyll tyne mop,
Of oure crede thou art crop :

I wold drynk on thy cop,
Lytyll day starne.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

Hayll, derlyng dere, full of godhede,
I pray the be nere when that I haue nede.
Hayll! swete is thy chere: my hart wold blede
To se the sytt here in so poore wede
 With no pennys.
Hayll! put furth thy dall,
I bryng the bot a ball:
Haue and play the with all,
 And go to the tenys.

MARIA

The fader of heuen, god omnypotent,
That sett all on seuen, his son has he sent.
My name couth he neuene and lyght or he went.
I conceyuyd hym full euen, thugh myght as he ment;
 And now is he borne.
He kepe you fro wo:
I shall pray hym so,
Tell furth as ye go,
 And myn on this morne.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

Fare well, lady, so fare to beholde,
With thy chylde on thy kne.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Bot he lygs full cold.
Lord, well is me : now we go, thou behold.

TERCIUS PASTOR.

For sothe all redy, it semys to be told
Full oft.

PRIMUS PASTOR.

What grace we haue fun.

SECUNDUS PASTOR.

Come furth, now ar we won.

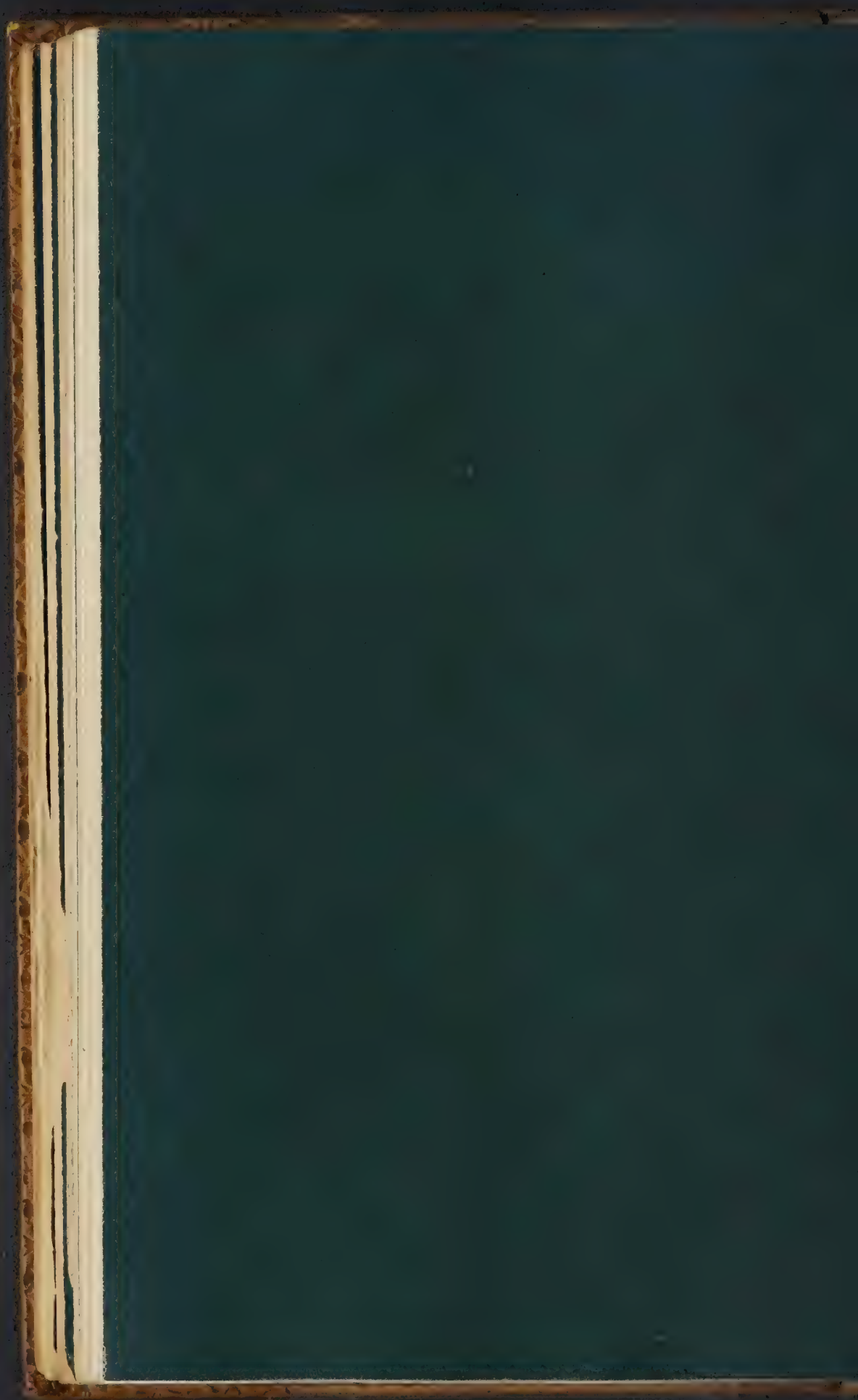
TERCIUS PASTOR.

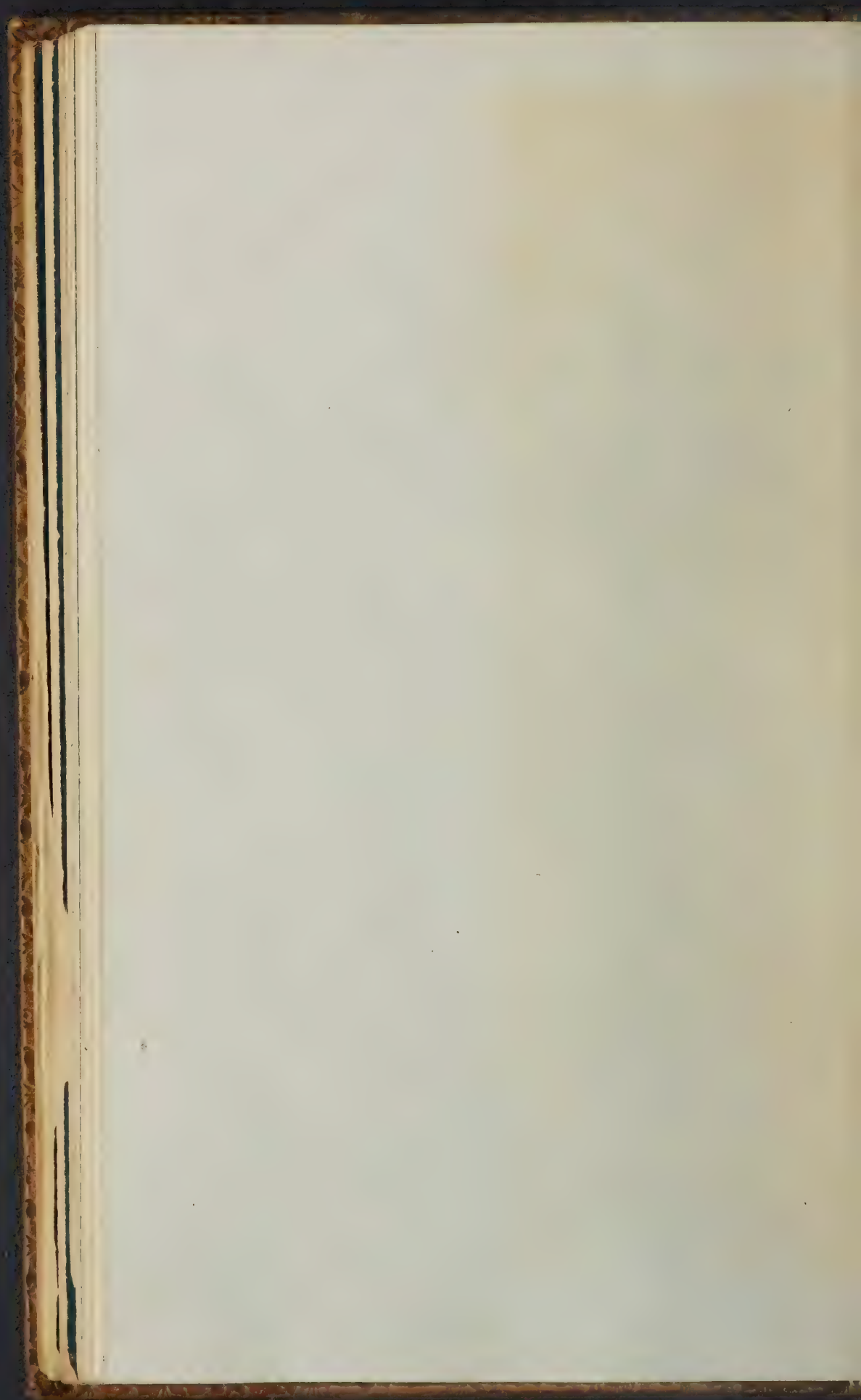
To syng ar we bun ;
Let take on loft.

Explicit Pagina Pastorum.

LONDON :

F. SHOBERL, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE





THE
MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

A
Miracle Play.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM

MS. COTTON. VESP: D. VIII.

THIS Miracle-play has been selected as one of the most characteristic of the series of forty-two Scriptural Dramas to which it belongs. They are supposed to have been formerly represented at Coventry, but it may be doubted whether at least some of the later pieces were not exhibited at Durham. The MS. is undated, but it is probably of the early part of the reign of Henry VII., and an account of its contents may be found in the "History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," II. 138. The Marriage of the Virgin is the tenth play in the collection, which goes through the principal incidents of the Old and New Testaments.

The subject is taken principally from the Apocryphal Gospel called "Mary," Ch. v. and vi., with some trifling additions, apparently the invention of the writer of the Miracle-play, whose name has hitherto escaped research. Lydgate, in his "Life of our Lady," Cap. v., introduces the chief incident here employed. In Cap. xi. he has inserted a debate between Mercy, Peace, Righteousness, and Truth, respecting the redemption of mankind, similar to that in the Coventry Play immediately following the Marriage of the Virgin. In the Widkirk Miracle-play, entitled "Annunciacio," Joseph is made to relate the circumstances connected with the bursting of his wand into leaf and flower.

Only twenty-five Copies printed.

J. P. C.

THE
MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

TUNC VENIT ABYSAKAR EPISCOPUS.

Lystenyth, lordyngs, bothe hye and lowe,
And tendyrly takyth heyd on to my sawe :
Beth buxom and benygne your busshopp to knowe,
For I am that lord that made this lawe :
With hertys so hende herkyn nowe.
Youre damyselys to weddyng, ya, loke that ye drawe
That passyn xiiij yere, for what that ye owe,
The lawe of god byddyth this sawe ;
That at xiiij yere of age
Every damesel, what so sche be,
To the encrese of more plente,
Shulde be browght in good degre
Onto here spowsage.

JOACHYM.

Herke now, Anne, my jentyll spowse,
How that the bushop his lawe hath tolde ;
That what man hath a dowtyr in his house
That passyth xiiij yeres olde,

He muste here brynge, I herde hym rowse,
In to the tempyl a spowse to wedde :
Wher for oure dowtyr, ryth good and dowse,
In to the tempyl sche must be ledde,
And that anoon ryght sone.

ANNE.

Sere, I grawnt that it be so ;
Agen the lawe may we not do :
With here to gedyr lete us now go,
I hold it ryght weyl done.

JOACHYM.

Sere busshopp, here aftyr thin owyn hest
We haue here brought oure dowtyr dere,
Mary, my swete childe ; she is ful prest,
Of age she is ful xiiij yere.

EPISCOPUS.

Welcome, Joachym, on to my areste,
Bothe Anne thi wyff and Mary clere.
Now Mary, chylde, to the lawe thou leste,
And chese the asppowse to be thi fere.
That lawe thou must fulffylle.

MARIA.

Agens the lawe wyl I nevyr be,
But mannys felachep shal nevyr folwe me.
I wyl levyn ever in chastyte,
Be the grace of goddys wylle.

EPISCOPUS.

A, fayre mayde, why seyst thou so?
What menyth the for to levyn chast?
Why wylt thou not to weddyng go?
The cawse thou telle me, and that in hast.

MARIA.

My ffadyr, and my modyr sertys also,
Er I was born, ye may me trast,
Thei were bothe bareyn, here frute was do :
They come to the tempyl at the last
To do here sacryfice.
By cause they hadde nothyr frute nere chylde
Reprevyd thei wore of wykkyd and wylde,
With grett shame thei were revyld,
Al men dede them dyspyce.
My fadyr and my modyr thei wepte full sore,
Full hevy here hertys wern of this dede ;
With wepynge eyn thei preyd therfore,
That god wolde socowre hem and sende hem sede.
Iff god wold graunt hem a childe be bore,
They be hest the chylde here lyff shulde lede
In goddys temple to serve evyr more,
And wurchep god in love and drede.
Than god, ffull of grace,
He herd here longe prayour,
And than sent hem both seed and flowre.
Whan I was born in here bowre,

To the temple offryd I was.
Whan that I was to the temple brought,
And offerde up to god above,
Ther hestyd I, as myn hert thought,
To serve my god with hertyly love.
Clennesse and chastyte myn hert owth,
Erthely creature nevyr may shoue :
Such clene lyff shuld ye nouht
In no maner wyse reprove.
To this clenness I me take.
This is the cawse, as I yow tell,
That I with man wyll nevyr mell :
In the servyse of god wyl I evyr dwell,
I wyl nevyr haue other make.

EPISCOPUS.

A, mercy god, these wordys wyse
Of this fayr mayde clene
Thei trobyl myn hert in many wyse.
Her wytt is grett, and that is sene,
In clenness to levyn in godys servise
No man here blame, non here tene :
And yit in lawe thus it lyce,
That such weddyd shude bene.
Who shal expownd this oute ?
The lawe doth after lyff of clenness,
The lawe doth bydde such maydenes expres,
That to spowsyng they shulde hem dres.

God help us in this dowhte.
Now, lord god, of lordys wysest of alle,
I pray the, lorde, knelynge on kne,
With carefull herte I crye and calle,
This dowteful dowte enforme thou me.

ANGELUS.

Thy prayour is herd to hygh hevyn halle :
God hath me sent here down to the,
To telle the what thou do shalle,
And how thou shalt be rewlyd in iche degre.
Take tent, and undyrstond
This is goddys owyn bydding :—
That all kynsmen of Davyd the kyng
To the temple shul brynge here du offryng,
With whyte yardys in their honde.
Loke wele what tyme yei offere there,
All here yardys in thi hand thou take ;
Take heed whose yerde doth blome and bere,
And he shal be the maydenys make.

EPISCOPUS.

I thank the, lord, with mylde chere,
Thi wurde shal I werkyn withowtyn wrake.
I shal send for hem bothyn fer and nere ;
To werke thy wyl I undyr take.
Anon it shal be do.
Herk, masangere, thou wend thi way,
Davyd kynsmen, as I the say,

Byd hem come offyr this same day,
And brynge white yardys also.

NUNCIUS.

Oy. Al maner men takyth to me tent,
That be owgth of kynrede to David the kyng,
My lord the busshop hath for yow sent,
To the temple that ye come with your offryng.

JOSEPH.

In gret labore my lyff I lede ;
Myne ocupasyon lyth in many place,
For febylnesse of age my journey I may nat spede.
I thank the, gret god, of thi grace.

1 GENERATIONIS DAVIDIS.

What chere, Joseph, what ys the case
That ye lye here on this grond ?

JOSEPH.

Age and febylnesse doth me embrace,
That I may nother well goo ne stond.

2 GEN. DAV.

We be commandyd be the beshoppys sond,
That every man of Davyd kynrede
In the tempyll to offyr a wond ;
Therfor in thys journey let us procede.

JOSEPH.

Me to traveyll yt is no nede :
I prey you, frends, go forth your wey.

3 GEN. DAV.

Yis, come forth, Joseph, I you rede,
And knowyth what the bushop woll sey.

4 GEN. DAV.

Ther ys a mayd, whos name ys clepyd Mary,
Doughter to Joachym, as it is told,
Here to mary thei woll asay,
To some man dowty and bold.
He chargith that ye hast yow, for he is redy bent
Yow to receyue at your comyng :
He byddyth yow forthermore in handys that ye hent
A fayre white yerde everych of yow ye bryng
In hyght.
Tary not I pray yow :
My lord, as I say yow,
Now to receyue yow
Is full redy dyght.

JOSEPH.

Benedicite, I can not undyr stande
What oure prince of prests doth mene,
That every man shuld come and brynge with hym a
whande,
Abyl to be maryed, that is not I, so mote I thene.

I have be maydon evyr, and evyr more wole bene :
 I chaungyd not yet of all my long lyff,
 And now to be maryed, sum man wold wene
 It is a straunge thyng an old man to take a yongewyff.
 But nevyr the lesse no doute of we must forthe to towne.
 Now, neybores and kynnysmen, lete us forth go :
 I shal take a wand in my hand and cast of my gowne,
 Yf I falle than I shalle gronyn for wo :
 Ho so take a way my staff I say he were my fo.
 Ye be men that may wele ren, go ye be fore ;
 I am old and also colde, walkyng doth me wo,
 Therefore now wole I so my staff holde I, this jurny
 to wore.

EPISCOPUS.

Sers, ye shal vndyr stande
 That this is the cawse of our comynge,
 And why that ech of yow bryngyth a wande,
 For of god we haue knowynge,
 Here is to be maryde a mayde yyng.
 All your roddys ye shal brynge vp to me,
 And on hese rodde that the holy gost is syttyng,
 He shal the husband of this may be.

Hic portent virgas.

JOSEPH.

It shal not be I ley a grote.
 I shal abyde behynde privyly.
 Now wolde god I were at home in my cote !
 I am aschamyd to be seyn veryly.

1 GENERATIONIS DAVIDIS.

To wurchep my lord god hedyr am I come,
Here for to offyr my dewe offrynge,
A fayr white yarde in hand have I nome
My lord, sere busshop, at your byddyng.

2 GEN. DAV.

Of Davythis kynred sertes am I com.
A fayr white yarde in hand now I bryng :
My lord the busshop, after your owyn dom,
This yarde do I offre at your chargyng.
Ryht here.

3 GEN. DAV.

And I a yarde have both fayr and whyght,
Here in myn hond it is redy dyght,
And here I offre it forth with in syght,
Ryght in good manere.

4 GEN. DAV.

I am the fourte of David is kyn,
And with myn offrynge my god I honoure :
This fayr whyte yarde is offryng myn,
I trost in god of sum socoure.
Com on, Joseph, with offryng thin,
And brynge up thin as we han oure :
Thou taryst ryth longe be hynde certeyn,
Why comyst not forth to goddys toure ?
Com on, man, for shame.

JOSEPH.

Com, ya, ya; god help, full fayn I wolde,
But I am so agyd and so olde,
That both my leggys gyn to folde.
I am ny almost lame.

EPISCOPUS.

A, mercy lord! I kan no sygne a spy.
It is best we go a geyn to prayer.

Vox.

He brought not up his rodde, yet trewly,
To whom the mayd howyth to be maryed her.

EPISCOPUS.

Whath, Joseph, why stande ye there by hynde?
I wys, sere, ye be to blame.

JOSEPH.

Sere, I kan not my rodde fynde:
To come there in trowth me thynkyth shame.

EPISCOPUS.

Comyth thens.

JOSEPH.

Sere, he may evyl go, that is ner lame.
In soth I come as fast as I may.

EPISCOPUS.

Offyr up your rodde, sere, in goddys name.
Why do ye not as men yow pray ?

JOSEPH.

Now in the wurchep of god of hevyn
I offyr this yerde as lely whyte,
Praying that lord of gracyous stewyn
With hert, with wytt, with mayn, with myght :
And as he made the sterrs seven,
This sympyl offrynge that is so lyght,
To his wurchep he weldygh evyn,
For to his wurchep this yerd is dyght.
Lord god, I the pray
To my herte thou take good hede,
And no thyng to my synful dede :
Aftyr my wyl thou qwyte my mede,
As plesyth to thi pay.
I may not lyfte myn handys heye.
Lo, lo, lo ! what se ye now ?

EPISCOPUS.

A mercy, mercy, mercy, lord we crye.
The blyssyd of god we se art thou.

Et clamant omnes, Mercy, mercy !

A, gracyous god in hevyn trone,
Ryht wundryful thi werkys be !
Here may we se a merveyl one,
A ded stok beryth flours fre.

Joseph, in herte withoutyn mone
Thou mayst be blyth with game and gle.
A mayd to wedde thou must gone,
Be this meracle I do wel se :
Mary is here name.

JOSEPH.

What shuld I wedde ? god for bede,
I am an old man so god me spede,
And with a wyff now to levyn in drede
It wore neyther sport nere game.

EPISCOPUS.

Agens god, Joseph, thou mayst not stryve.
God wyl that thou a wyff haue :
This fayr mayde shal be thi wyve.
She is buxum and whyte as laue.

JOSEPH.

A, shuld I haue here ye lese my lyff,
Alas, dere god, shuld I now rave ?
An old man may nevyr thryff
With a yonge wyff, so god me saue.
Nay, nay, sere, lett bene.
Shuld I now in age begynne to dote ?
If I here chyde she wolde clowte my cote,
Blere myn ey and pyke out a mote :
And thus oftyn tymes it is sene.

EPISCOPUS.

Joseph, now as I the saye,
God hath assygnyd here to the.
That god wol haue do sey thou not nay :
Oure lord god wyl that it be so.

JOSEPH.

Agens my god not do I may.
Here wardeyn and kepere wyl I ever be ;
But, fayr maydon, I the pray
Kepe the clene as I shal me.
I am a man of age,
Therefore, sere busshop, I wyl that ye wete,
That in bedde we shul nevyr mete,
For I wys, mayden suete,
An old man may not rage.

EPISCOPUS.

This holyst virgyn shalt thou maryn now.
Your rodde floreschyth fayrest that man may se,
The holy gost we se syttyht on a bow :
Now yelde we all preysing to the trenyte.

Et hic cantent benedicta sit beata trinitas.

Joseph, wole ye haue this maydon to your wyff,
And here honour and kepe as ye howe to do ?

JOSEPH.

Nay, sere, so mote I thryff
I haue ryght no nede therto.

EPISCOPUS.

Joseph, it is goddys wyl it shuld be so.
Sey aftyr me, as it is skyl.

JOSEPH.

Sere, and to performe hes wyl I bow therto,
For all thyng owyght to ben at his wyl.

EPISCOPUS ET IDEM JOSEPH.

Sey thou after me : Here I take the Mary to wyff,
To havyn to holdyn as god his wyll with us wyl make,
And as long as be twen us lestyght oure lyff
To loue yow as my selff, my trewth I yow take.

Nunc ad Mariam sic dicens Episcopus.

Mary, wole ye haue this man,
And hym to kepyn as your lyff?

MARIA.

In the tenderest wyse, fadyr, as I kan,
And with all my wyttys fyff.

EPISCOPUS.

Joseph with this ryng now wedde thi wyff,
And be here hand now thou here take.

JOSEPH.

Sere, with this rynge I wedde here ryff,
And take here now here for my make.

EPISCOPUS.

Mary, mayd, with outyn more stryff
On to thi spouse thou hast hym take.

MARIA.

In chastyte to ledyn my lyff
I shal hym nevyr for sake,
But evyr with hym abyde.
And jentyll spowse, as ye an seyde,
Lete me levyn as a clene mayd :
I shal be trewe, be not dysmayd,
Both terme tyme and tyde.

EPISCOPUS.

Here is the holyest matremony that evyr was in this werd.
The hygh names of oure lord we wole now syng hy:
We all wole this solempn dede record
Devowtly. Alma chorus domini nunc pangat nomina
summi.

Now goth hom all in godys name,
Where as your wonyng was be fore.
Maydenys, to lete here go a lone it wore shame ;
It wold hevyr your herts sore.
Ye shal blysse the tyme that sche was bore :
Now loke ye at hom here brynge.

MARIA.

To haue your blyssyng, fadyr, I falle yow be fore.

EPISCOPUS.

He blysse yow that hath non hendyng,
In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti.
Joseph, thi selph art old of age,
And thi wyff of age is yonge,
And as we redyn in old sage
Many man is sclepyr of tonge.
Therefore euyll langage for to swage,
That your good fame may leste longe,
Thre damysellys shul dwelle with yow in stage
With thi wyff to be evyr more a monge.
I shal these iij here take :
Susanne the fyrst shal be,
Rebecca the seconde shal go with the,
Sephore the thrydde : loke that ye thre
This maydon nevyr ye for sake.

SUSANNE.

Sere, I am redy att your wyll
With this maydon for to wende.

REBECCA.

Your byddyng, sere, shall [I] fulfyl,
And folwe this maydon fayr and hende.

SEPHOR.

To folwe hyre it is good skyl,
And to your byddyng wole I bende.

JOSEPH.

Now, sere buschop, hens go I wyl,
For now comyth on to my mende
A matere that nedful is.

EPISCOPUS.

Fare wel, Joseph and Mary clere,
I pray god kepe yow all infere,
And sende yow grace in good manere
To serve the kyng of blysse.

MARIA.

Fadyr and modyr, ye know this cas,
How that it doth now stonde with me :
With my spowse I must forth passe,
And wott nevyr whan I shal yow se.
Therefore I pray yow here in this plas
Of your blyssynge for charyte,
And I shal spede the betyr and haue more gras
In what place that evyr I be.
On knes to yow I falle :
I pray yow, fadyr and modyr dere,
To blysse your owyn dere dowtere,
And pray for me in all manere,
And I for yow all.

JOACHYM.

Almyghty god he mote the blysse,
And my blyssynge thou haue also,

In all godnesse god the wysse,
On londe or on watyr wher evyr thou go.

ANNA.

Now god the kepe from every mysse,
And saue the sownd in welth from wo.
I pray the, dowtyr, thou onys me kys
Or that thi modyr parte the fro.
I pray to god the saue.
I pray the, Mary, my swete chylde,
Be lowe and buxhum, meke and mylde,
Sad and sobyr and no thyng wylde,
And goddys blyssynge thou haue.

JOACHYM.

For well, Joseph, and god yow spede
Wher so ye be in halle or boure.

JOSEPH.

Almyghty god your weys lede,
And saue yow sownd from all doloure.

ANNA.

Goddys grace on yow sprede.
Fare well, Mary, my swete flowre :
Fare weyl, Joseph, and god yow rede :
Fare weyl my chylde and my tresowre ;
Fare wel my dowter yyng.

MARIA.

Fare wel fadyr and modyr dere,
At yow I take my leve ryght here.
God that sytt in hevyn so clere
Haue yow in his kepyng.

JOSEPH.

Wyff, it is ful necessary this ye knowe,
That I and my kynrede go hom be fore,
For in soth we haue non hous of oure owe;
Therefore I shall gon ordeyn and thanne come yow fore.
We ar not ryche of werldly thyng,
And yet of oure sustenanns we shal not mys;
Therefore abyde here styll to your plesynge,
To worchep your god is all your blysse.
He that is and evyr shal be
Of hefne and helle ryche kyng,
In erth hath chosyn poverté
And all ryches and welthis refusynge.

MARIA.

Soth, husbond, in oure lordys blyssynge,
He mote yow spede in all your nede,
And I shal here abyde your agen comynge
And on my sawtere book I shal rede.
Now blyssyd be oure lord for this,
Of hefne and erthe and all that beryth lyff,
I am most bound to you, lord, I wys,
For now I am bothe mayde and wyff.

Now, lord god, dysspose me to prayere
That I may sey the holy psalmes of Dauyth,
Wheche book is clepyd the sawtere,
That I may preyse the, my god, therwith.
Of the vertuys ther of this is the pygth :
It makyth sowles fayr that doth it say,
Angelys be steryd to help us therwith,
It lytenyth therkeness and puttyth develyys away.
The song of psalmus is goddys dete,
Synne is put away therby,
It lernyth a man vertuys ful to be ;
It feryth mannys herte gostly.
Who that it vsyth custommably,
It claryfieth the herte and charyte makyth cowthe.
He may not faylen of goddys mercy
That hath the preysynge of god evyr in his mowthe.
O holy psalmys, O holy book,
Swetter to say than any ony,
Thou lernyst hem love lord that on the look,
And makyst hem desyre thýngys celestly.
With these halwyd psalmys, lord, I pray the specyaly
For all the creatures qwyke and dede
That thou wylt shewe to hem thi mercy,
And to me specyaly that do it rede.
I have seyde sum of my sawtere, and here I am
At this holy psalme in dede
Benedixisti domine terram tuam :
In this holy labore, lord, me spede.

JOSEPH.

Mary, wyff and mayd most gracyous,
Displese yow not, I pray yow, so long I haue be :
I haue hyryd for us a lytyl praty hous
And therin ryght hesely levyn wole we.
Come forth Mary and folwe me ;
To Nazareth now wele we go,
And all the maydenys bothe fayr and fre
With my wyff comyth forth also.
Now lystenyth well, wyff, what I tell the ;
I must gon owth hens fer the fro :
I wyll go laboryn in fer cowntre
With trewth to maynteyn oure housholde so.
This ix monthis thou seyst me nowth :
Kepe the clene, my jentyl spowse,
And all thi maydenys in thi howse,
That evyl langage I here not rowse
For hese love that all hath wrought.

MARIA.

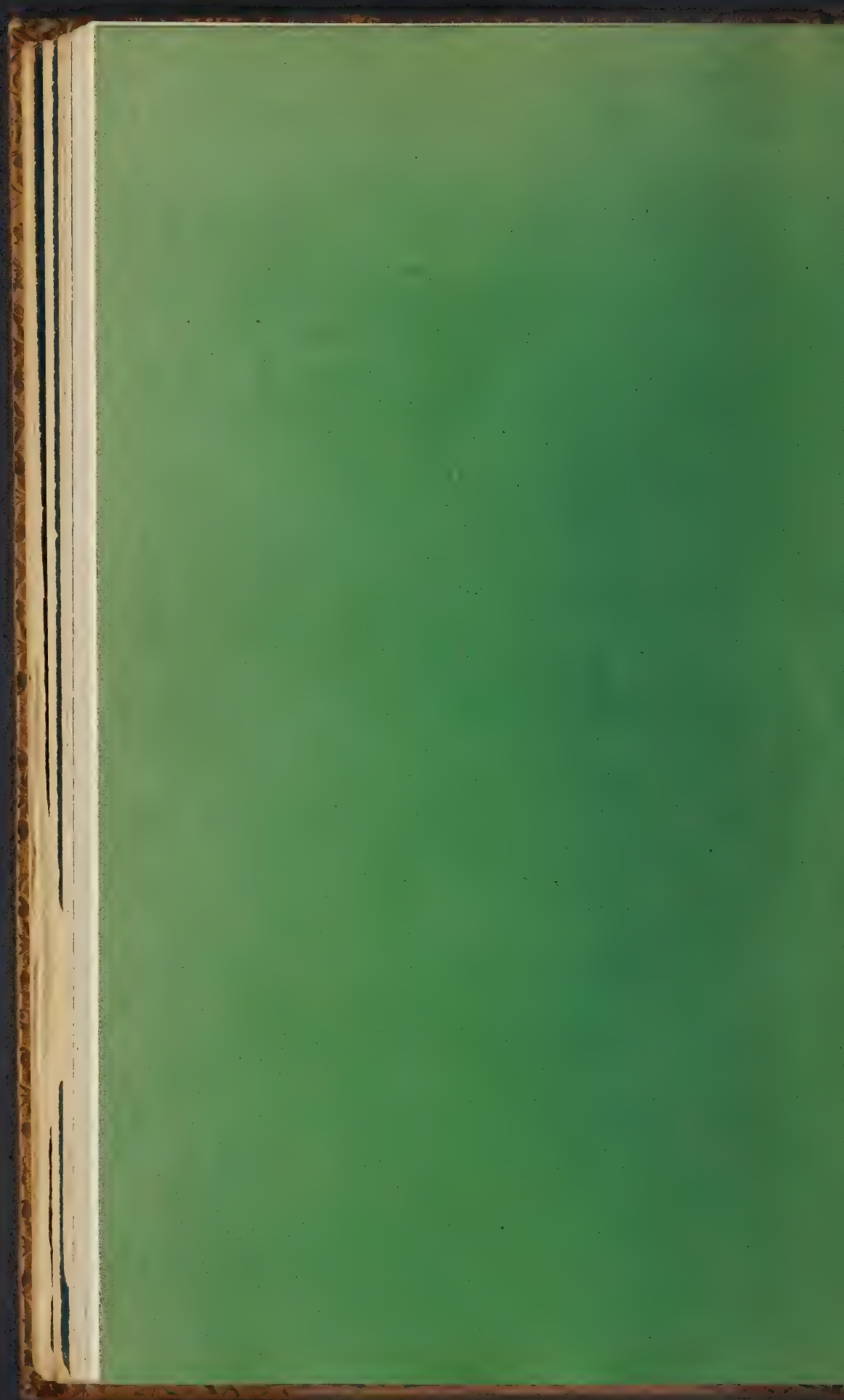
I pray to god he spede your way,
And in sowle helth he mote yow kepe,
And send yow helth bothe nyth and day
He shylde and saue yow from al shenschepe.
Now, lord of grace, to the I pray,
With morny mood on kne I krepe,
Me saue from synne, from tene and tray:
With hert I murne, with eye I wepe,

Lord god of pete,
Whan I sytt in my conclaue
All myn hert on the I haue :
Gracyous god, my mayden hed saue
Euyr clene in chastyte.

FINIS.

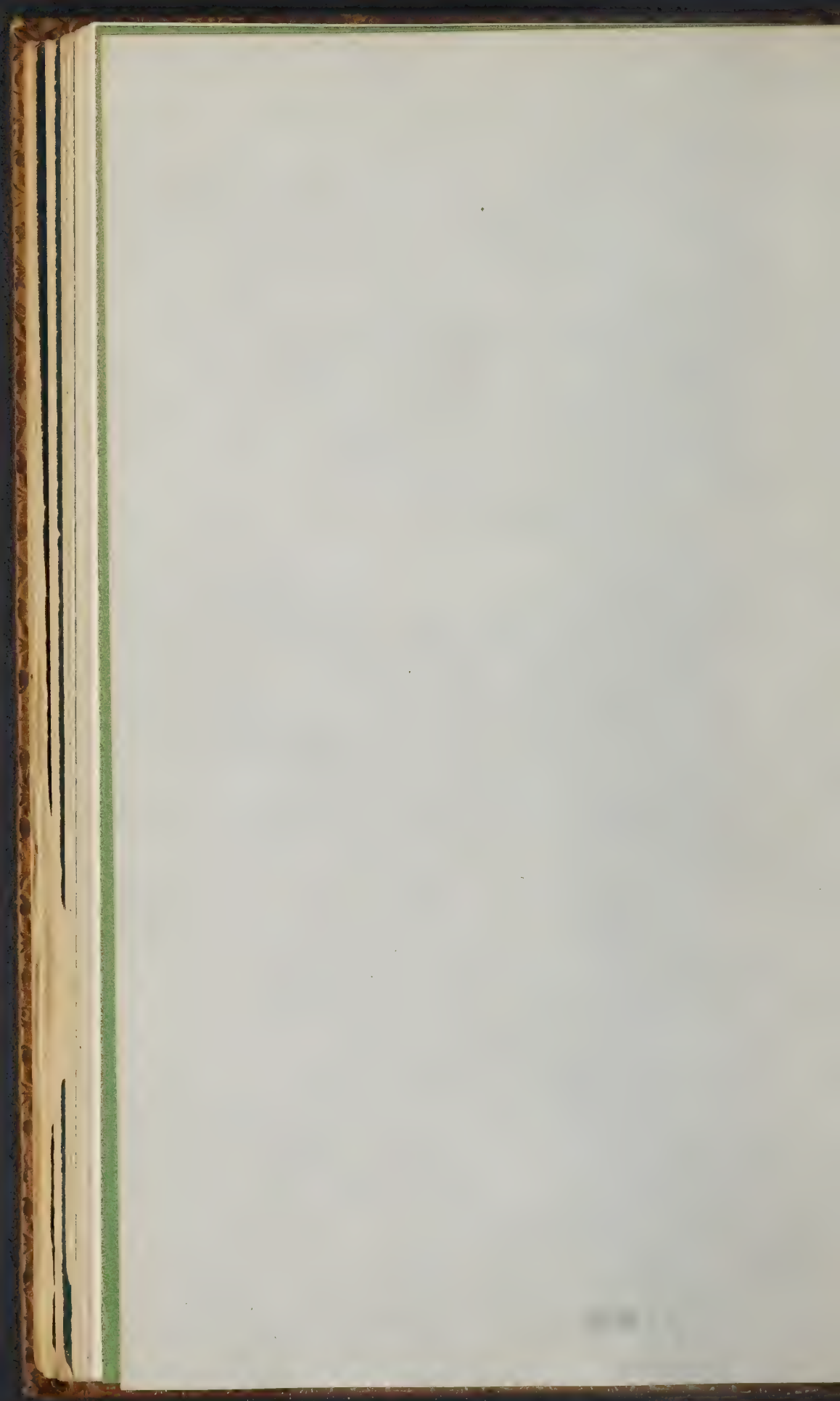
LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.



1870

1871



THE
ADVENT OF ANTICHRIST.

A
Miracle Play.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S MS.

THIS Miracle-play has no parallel in any other known collection of productions of the same description. It relates to the advent and defeat of Antichrist by Enoch, Elias, and the Archangel Michael; and the incidents are conducted in a manner consistent with the singularity of the subject.

By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, it is taken from a MS. in his Grace's library, containing the twenty-four Scriptural Dramas formerly represented at Chester, and it is the last but one of the series. The performance of it was entrusted to the Dyers of that City.

The MS. is dated 1591, and it was made by a person who subscribes himself "Edward Gregorie, a Scholar of Bunbury." The late Mr. Heber had an imperfect copy of the same plays, dated 1592, written by George Bellin, the transcriber of the earliest of the two MSS. in the British Museum, dated severally in 1600 and 1607. At Oxford is a fifth transcript, which was completed in 1604.

In the "History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," I. 10 and II. 138, 218, an account is given of the origin and progress of these exhibitions, with a brief notice of the piece now for the first time printed.

Only twenty-five Copies printed.

J. P. C.

THE DIARS PLAYE.

Pagina vicessima tertia de adventu Antechristi.

ANTECHRISTE.

De celso throno poli, pollens clarior sole,
Age vos monstrare, descendi vos judicare :
Reges et principes sunt subditi sub me viventes ;
Sitis sapientes vos semper in me credentes,
Et faciam flentes gaudere atque dolentes :
Sic omnes gentes gaudebunt in me sperantes.
Descendi præsens rex pius et perlustrator,
Princeps æternus vocor, Christus vester salvator.

All leedes in land nowe be light,
that wilbe ruled through out the right :
Your saviour nowe in your sight,
here may you saffelye see.

Messias, Christ, and most of might,
 that in the lawe was you beheight,
 all mankind to ioye to dight
 ys commen, for I am hee.

Of me was spoken in prophecie,
 of Moyses, Davyd and Esaye :
 I am hee the call Messye,
 forbyar of Israell.

Those that leeven on me steadfastlye
 I shall them save from anoye,
 and joye, right as have I,
 with them I thinke to deale.

[*De me dicitur Ezechielis tricesimo sexto. Tollam vos
 de gentibus, et congregabo vos de vniversis terris, et
 reducam vos in terram vestram.*]

But one hath ligged him here in land,
 Jesu he height, I vnderstand :
 To further falsehood he can found,
 and fard with fantasye.

His wickednes hee would not wond,
 tyll he was taken and put in band,
 and slayne through vertue of my sond :
 this ys sooth sickerlye

My people of Jewes he could twynne,
 that there land came the never in :

then on them nowe must I mynne,
and restore them agayne.

To buyld this temple wyll I not blynne,
as god honored be therein,
and endesse wayle I shall them wynne,
all that to me benne bayne.

[*De me enim dicitur in psalmo : Adorabo ad templum
sanctum tuum in timore tuo.*]

One thinge me glades, be you bould,
as Danyell the prophett before me tould,
all women in world me love should,
when I were come in land.

This prophecye I shall well hould,
which ys most likinge to yonge and ould,
I thinke to fast manye hould,
and their fayrenes to found.

Also he tould them, leeve you mee,
that I of gyftes should be free,
which prophecye doune shalbe,
when I my realme have wonnen :

And that I should grant men postee,
ryved ryches, land and fee.
hitt shalbe donne, that you shall see,
when I am hither commen.

[*Dabit eis potestatem et multis terram dividet gratuito : Danielis decimo tertio*]

What saye you, kinges, that here be lent,
are not my wordes at your assent,
that I am Christe omnipotent,
leeve you not this eychon ?

PRIMUS REX.

Wee leeven, lord, withouten lett,
that Christ ys not commen yett.
yf thou be hee, thou shalbe sett
in temple as god alonne.

SECUNDUS REX.

Yf thou bee Christe, called Messie,
that from our bale shall vs bye,
doe before vs maistrye,
a signe that wee may see.

TERTIUS REX.

Then will I leeve that yt ys soe,
yf thou doe wonders or thou goe :
soe that thou save vs of our woe,
then honored shalt thou bee.

QUARTUS REX.

Fowle have we leved manye a yeare,
and of our weeninge binne in were ;

and thou be Christe commen here,
then may thou stynt all stryffe.

ANTECHRISTE.

That I am Christ, and Christ wilbe,
by verey signe soone shall you see,
for dead men through my postee
shall ryse from death to liffe.

Nowe wyl I turne, all through my might,
trees downe, the rootes vpright,
that ys marveyle to your sight,
and fruyt groinge vpon.

So shall they growe and multiplie,
through my might and my maisterye,
I put you owt of heresy
to leewe me upon.

And bodyes that binne dead and slayne,
yf I may rayse them vp agayne,
then honoures mee with might and mayne,
then shall no man you greeve.

Forsoothe then after will I dye,
and ryse agayne throwe my postee.
Yf I may doe this marveylouslye,
I read you on me leewe.

Men buryed in grave you may see,
 what maistrye ys nowe hope yee
 to rayse them vp throwe my postye,
 and all through my owne accorde.

Whether I in my godhead bee
 by verey signe you shall see.
 ryse vp dead men, and honour me,
 and knowe me for your lord.

[*Tunc resurgent mortui de sepulchris.*

PRIMUS MORTUUS.

A lord, to thee I aske mercye,
 I was dead but nowe live I,
 nowe wotte I well and witterlye,
 that Christe ys hither commen.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

Him honour wee and all men,
 devoutlye kneelinge on our kneene :
 worshippe be thou there, Amen,
 Christ our naue ys commen.

ANTECHRISTE.

That I shall fulfill whollye wrytte
 you shall notte, and knowe well hitt,
 for I am wall of wayle and wytt,
 and lord of everye land.

And as the prophett Sophonye
 speakes of mee full wytterlye,
 I shall rehearse here readelye,
 that clarkes shall vnderstand.

[*Expecta me in die resurrectionis meæ in futurum quia
 Judicium vt congregem gentes et colligam regna.
 Sophoni 3º :*]

Nowe will I dye, that you shall see,
 and ryse agayne through my postee.
 I will in grave that you put mee,
 and worshippe me alonne :

For in this temple a tombe ys made,
 therein my bodye shall be layde,
 then will I ryse as I have sayde ;
 take tent to me eyche one.

And after my resurrection,
 then will I sitt in greate renowne,
 and my ghooste send to you downe
 in forme of fyre full soone.

I dye, I dye : now am I dead.

PRIMUS REX.

Nowe sythe this worthy lord ys deade,
 and his grace ys with vs leade,

to take his bodye yt ys my reade,
and burye yt in a grave.

SECUNDUS REX.

Forsoothe, and so to vs he sayde,
in a tombe he would be leade.
Nowe goe we further all in abrayde,
from disease hee may vs save

[*Tunc transeunt ad Antechristum.*]

TERTIUS REX.

Take we the bodye of this sweete,
and burye hit lowe vnder the greete.
Nowe, lord, comfort vs, we thee beseech,
and send vs of thy grace.

QUARTUS REX.

And yf hee ryse soone through his might
from death to liffe, as hee beheight,
him will I honour both daye and night,
as god in everye place

[*Tunc recedent de tumulo vsque ad terram.*]

PRIMUS REX.

Nowe wotte I well that he ys dead,
for nowe in grave we have him lead :
yf he ryse, as hee hath sayde,
hee ys of full great might.

SECUNDUS REX.

I cannot leewe him vpon,
but yf hee ryse him selfe alonne,
as hee hath sayde to manye one,
and shewe him here in sight.

TERTIUS REX.

Tyll that my savyoure bee rysen agayne,
in fayth, my harte may not bee fayne
tyll I him see with eye.

QUARTUS REX.

I must mourne with all my mayne
tyll Christ be rysen vp agayne,
and of that miracle make vs fayne.
ryse vp, lord, that we maye see

*[Tunc Antechristus levat corpus suum surgens
a mortuis.]*

ANTECHRISTUS.

I ryse : nowe reverence dose to mee,
god glorified created of degree.
If I be Christe nowe leewe yee,
and worthe after my wise.

PRIMUS REX.

A, lord, welcome most thou be :
that thou arte godd nowe leewe wee

therefore goe sytt vp in thy see,
and keepe our sacrafice.

[*Tunc transeunt ad Antechristum cum sacrificio.*

SECUNDUS REX.

Forsoothe, in seate thou shalt be sett,
and honored with lambe and geat,
as Moyses lawe, that lasteth yett,
as hee hath sayde before.

TERTIUS REX.

O gratiouse lord, goe sytt downe then,
and wee shall, kneelinge on our kneene,
worshippe thee as thy owne men,
and worke after thy lore.

[*Tunc ascendit Antechristus ad cathedram.*

Hither wee be commen with good intent,
to make our sacrifice, lord excellent,
with this lambe, that I have here hent,
kneelinge thee before.

Thou grant grace to doe and saye,
that yt be pleasinge to thee aye,
to thy blysse that come wee maye,
and never from yt be lore.

ANTECHRISTUS.

I lord, I god, I high Justice,
I Christ, that made the dead to ryse,

here I receave your sacrifice,
and blesse you fleshe and fell.

[*Tunc recedent Antechristo.*

I will nowe send my holye ghooste,
you kynges, also, to you I tell,
to knowe me lord of mightes moste
of heaven, yearth, and hell.

[*Tunc emittet spiritum dicens, dabo vobis cor
novum et spiritum novum in medio vestri.*

SEVERALIS REX.

A god, a lord, mycle of might,
this holye ghoost is in me pight :
me thinkes my harte ys verey light
syth yt came into mee.

PRIMUS REX.

Lord, wee thee honour daye and night,
for thou shewest vs in sight
right as Moyses vs be height,
honored most thou be

ANTECHRISTUS.

Yett worthe workes to your will
of prophecye I shall fulfill,
as Danyell prophecied you vntyll
that landes I shall devise.

That prophecye yt shalbe donne,
and yt you shall see right soone.
worshipps me all that ye mon,
and doe after the wise.

You kinges, I shall advance you all,
and because your regions be but smale,
citties castells shall you befall,
with townes and towers gaye.

And make you lordes of lordshipp fayre,
as well yt fall for my power :
yea, looke you doe as I you leere,
and herkens what I saye.

I am verey god of might,
all thinges I made through my might,
sonne and moone, daye and night :
to blysse I may you bringe.

Therefore, kinges, noble and gaye,
token your people what I saye,
that I am Christ god veray,
and tell them such tydinge.

My people of Jewes were put mee from,
therefore great ruthe I have them one :
whether the will leeve me vpon
I will full soone assaye.

For all that will leewe me vpon
worldlye welth shall them fall one,
and to my blysse the shall come,
and dwell with mee for aye.

And the giftes that I beheight
you shall have, as ys good right.
hence or I goe out of your sight
eich one shall knowe his dole.

To thee I give Lombardee ;
and to thee Denmarke and Hungarye ;
and take thou Pathmos and Italie,
and Roome yt shalbe thine.

SECUNDUS REX.

Grant mercye, lord, your giftes to daye ;
honour we will thee alwaye,
for wee were never so rych, in good faye,
nor nonne of all our kynne.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Therefore be true and stidfast aye,
and truely leeves on my lawe ;
for I will herken on you to daye,
stydfast yf I you fynde.

*[Tunc recedet Antechristus, et venient Enoch
et Helias.]*

ENOCK.

Almightie god in maiestee,
that made the heaven and yearth to bee,
fyre, water, stonne, and tree,
and man through thy might ;

The poyntes of thy privitie
any yearthlye man to see
ys impossible, as thinkes mee,
for anye worldelye wight.

Gratiouse lord, that art so good,
that who so longe in flesshe and blood
hath granted lyffe and heavenlye foode,
lett never our thoughtes be defyled ;

But give us, lord, might and mayne,
or wee of this shrewe be slayne,
to converte thy people agayne,
that hee hath thus beguiled.

Sythe the worldes begininge
I have lyved in great likynge,
through helpe of high and heaven kinge,
in paradise withowt anoye.

Tyll we hard tokeninge
of this theves commynge,

that nowe on yearth is raynninge,
and doth godds folkes destroye.

To paradise I was taken that tyde,
this theefe his commynge to abyde,
and Helye my brother, here mee besyde,
was after sent to mee.

With this Champione we must chide,
that nowe in worlde walketh wyde,
to disprove his pompe and pryde,
and payre all his postee.

HELIAS.

O lord, that made all thinge,
and longe hath lent vs livinge,
lett never the devylls power springe,
this man hath him within.

God gyve you grace, old and yonge,
to knowe disceate in his doinge,
that you maye come to that likinge,
of blysse that never shall blynne.

I warne you all men wytterlye,
this is Enock, I am Helye,
binne common his errours to destroye,
that hee to you now shewes.

He calles himselfe Christe and messye :
hee lyes forsooth apertlye ;
hee ys the devyll you to anoye,
and for nonne other him knowes.

PRIMUS REX.

A men, what speake you of Helye
and Enocke, the binne both in companye :
of our blood the binne wytterlye,
and wee binne of there kynde.

QUARTUS REX.

Wee readen in bookes of our lawe,
that they to heaven were Y drawe,
and yett binne there ys the common sawe,
wrytten as men may fynd.

ENOCK.

Wee binne those men, forsooth I wysse,
common to tell you doe amysse,
and bringe your soules to heaven blysse,
yf yt were anye boote.

HELIAS.

This devyll's lymme that common ys,
that sayth heaven and yearth ys his,
nowe wee be readye, leewe you this,
agaynst him for to moote.

PRIMUS REX.

Yf that wee here wytt mon
by prooffes of disputacion,
that you have skylle and reason,
with you wee wyll abyde.

SECUNDUS REX.

And yf your skylles may doe him downe,
to dye with you we wilbe bowne,
in hope of salvatyon,
what ever may betyde.

ENOCK.

To do him downe wee shall assaye
through might of Jesu, borne of a maye,
by right and reason, as you shall saye,
and that you shall well here.

And for that cause hither were we sent
by Jesu Christe omnypotent ;
and that you shall not all be shent
hee bought you all full deare.

Be glad therefore, and make good cheare,
and I doe reede, as I you leere,
for wee be common in good maneere
to save you everychone.

And dreade you not for that false feynde,
 for you shall see him cast behinde,
 or wee departe and from him wend,
 and shame shall light him one.

[*Et sic transibunt Enoch et Helias ad Antechristum.*]

ENOCK.

Saye, thou verey devylles lymme,
 that syttes so gryselly and so grymme,
 from him thou came and shalt to him,
 for manye a soule thou deceaves.

Thou hast deceived men manye a daye,
 and made the people to thy paye,
 and bewitched them into a wronge waye
 wickedlye with thy wyles.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A, false faytures, from me yee flee,
 am not I most in majestie?
 what men dare mayne them thus to mee,
 or make such distance?

HELIAS.

Fye one thee, fayture, fye on thee,
 the devylls owne nurrye,
 through him thou preacheest, and hast postee
 a while through sufferance.

ANTECHRISTUS.

O you ypocrytes, that so cryne,
loselles, lurdans, lowdlye you lyne.
to spill my lawe you a spine :
that speech ys good to spare.

You that my true fayth defyne,
and needeles my folke devyne,
from hence hastelye : but you hence hyne
to you comes sorrowe and care.

ENOCK.

Thy sorrowe and care comme on thy head,
for falsely through thy wicked read
the people ys put to pyne.

I would thy bodye were from thy head,
twentye myle from yt layde,
tyll I hit brought agayne.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on the, roysard, with thy wyles,
for falselye my people thou begyles :
I shall thee hastely honge.

And that lurdayne that standes thee bye,
hee puttes my folke to great anoye,
with his false flatteringe tonge.

But I shall teach you curtesye
your saviour to knowe anonne in hye,
false theeves with your heresy, e,
and yf you darre abyde.

HELIAS.

Yes, forsoothe, for all thy pryde,
here we purpose for to abyde,
throghe grace of god almight :

And all the world, that ys so wyde,
shall wonder on thee on everye syde
soone in all mens sight.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Owt on you, theeves, both too ;
eyche man may see you be so
all by your araye.

Muffeled in mantelles, none such I knowe,
I shall make you lowt full lowe
or I departe you all froo,
to knowe mee lord for aye.

ENOCK.

Wee bee no theeves, wee thee tell,
thou false fyend common from hell.
with thee we purpose for to mell,
my fellowe and I in feare.

To knowe thy power and thy might,
as wee these kinges have behight,
and thereto wee be readye dight,
that all men now may heare.

ANTECHRISTUS.

My might is most, I tell to thee :
I dyed, I rose through my postie,
that all those kinges sawe with their eye,
and everye man and wyefe.

And myracles and marveyles I dyd also :
I counsell you therefore both too,
to worshippe me, and noe moe,
and lett vs nowe noe more stryve.

HELIAS.

The were no myracles but mervelles things,
that thou shewed vnto these kinges
through the fyends crafte :

And as the flower nowe springes,
falleth, fadeth, and hanges,
so thy ioye now yt raygnes,
that shalbe from thee rafte.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Owt on thee, theeffe, that syttes so styll :
whye will thou not one worde speake them tyll
that commen me to reprove ?

DOCTOR.

O lord, maister, what shall I saye then ?

ANTECHRISTUS.

I be-shrewe both thy knen,
art thou for to ken ?
in fayth I shall thee greeve.

Of my godhead I made thee wyse,
and sett thee ever at micle pryse :
nowe I would feele thy good advyse,
and heare what thou would sayen.

These lowlers the would fayne me greeve,
and no thinge one me the will leeve,
but ever be readye me to repreeve,
and all the people of my lawe.

DOCTOR.

O lord, thou art so micle of might,
mee thinke thou should not chyde ne fight,
but curse them, lord, through thy might ;
then shall they fare full yll.

For those whom thou blesses they shall well speede,
and those whom thou cursest they are but deade.
this is my counsell and my reade
yonder heretikes for to spill.

ANTECHRISTUS.

The same I purposed, leeuve thou mee :
all thinges I knowe through my postee,
but yett thy wytt I thought to see,
what was thyne intent.

Hit shalbe donne full seckerlye,
the sentence given full openlye
with my mouth truelye
vpon them shalbe hent.

My curse I gyve you, to amend your meeles,
from your head to your heeles
walke yee furth in the xx devylles waye

ENOCK.

Yea thou shalt never come in cælis,
for falselye with thy wyles
the people are put in pyne.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Owt on you, theeves, whye fare you thus ?
whether had you leaver have payne or blysse ?
I may you save from all amys :
I made the daye and eke the night ;

And all thinges that are on yearth growinge,
flowers fayre that freshe can springe ;

also I made all other thinge,
the starres that be so bright.

HELIAS.

Thou lvest : vengeance on thee beefall.
owt on thee, wretche, wroth thee I shall.
thou callest thee kinge, and lord of all ;
a fyend is thee within.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Thou lvest falselye, I thee tell :
thou will be dampned into hell.
I made thee man of flesh and fell,
and all that ys lyvinge.

For other gods have yee nonne ;
therefore worshippe mee alonne,
the which hath made the water and stonne,
and all at my lykinge.

ENOCK.

Foresoothe, thou lvest falselye.
thou art a fyende common to anoye
godds people, that stande vs bye.
in hell I would thou were.

HELIAS.

Fye on thee, fellowne, fye on thee fye.
for all thy wythcrafte and sorcerye,

to mote with thee I am readye,
that all the people may heare.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Owt on you, harlotts, whence come yee?
where have you anye other god but mee?

ENOCK.

Yes Christe god in trynitie,
thou false fayture, villaynt,

That sent his sonne from heaven see,
that for mankynde dyed on roode tree,
that shall full soone make thee to flee,
thou fayture false and faynt.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Rybbaulds, ruled owt of raye,
what ys the trinitye for to saye?

HELIAS.

Three persons, vs thou leeve may,
in on godhead in feere.

Father and sonne, that ys noe naye,
and the holye ghoost, styrringe aye,
that ys one god verey,
binne all three named here.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Owt on you, theeves, what sayen yee?
wyll you have on god and three?
howe darre you so saye?

Mad men, mad men, therefore leewe on mee,
that am on god, so ys not hee;
then may you lyve in ioeye and lee,
all this land I darre laye.

ENOCK.

Naye, tyrand, vnderstand thou this:
withowt begininge his godhead ys,
and also without endinge, I wys,
thus fullye leeven wee.

And thou that ingendered was amys,
haste begynyng and now this blys,
and end shall have, no dread there ys,
full fowle as men shall see.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Wretches, gullees, you be blent.
godds sonne, I am from him sent.
howe dare you maynteyne your intent,
syth hee and I bee one?

Have I not, syth I came him froo,
made the dead to speake and goe,

and to men I sent my ghooſt alſoe
that leaved me vpon?

HELIAS.

Fye on thee, fellowne, fye on thee, fye;
for through his might and his maieſtie,
by ſufferance of god almightie
the people are blent throwe thee.

Yff thoſe men be rayſed wytterlye,
withowt the devylles fantaſye,
here ſhalbe proved apertlye,
that all men ſhall ſee.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Ah, fooles, I read you leewe mee vpon,
that myracles have ſhewed to manye on,
to the people everychone,
to put them owt of doubt.

Therefore I read you haſtelye,
convertes to me moſt mightie;
I ſhall you ſave from anoye,
and that I am abowt.

ENOCK.

Nowe thy miracles would I ſee.

HELIAS.

Therefore common hither be wee.

doe what ys thy great postee,
and some thereof to leere.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Soone may you see yf you wyll abyde,
for I wyll neyther fight nor chyde.
of all the world that ys so wyde
there in is not my peare.

ENOCK.

Bringe forth those men here in our sight,
that thou hast raysted agaynst the right,
yf thou bee so micle of might,
to make them eate and drynke.

For verey god we will thee knowe
such a signe yf thou wylt shewe,
and doe thee reverence on a rowe,
all at thy likynge.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Wretches, dampned all bee yee,
but nought for that yt falleth mee
as gratyouse god abydinge bee,
yf you wyll mend your liefe.

You dead men, ryse through my postye :
come, eate and drynke that men may see,
and prove me worthe of deitee,
so shall we stynt all stryffe.

PRIMUS MORTUUS.

Lord, thy biddinge I will doe aye,
and for to eate I will assaye.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

And I also, all that I maye,
wyll do thy byddinge here.

HELIAS.

Have here breadd both too,
but I must blesse yt or yt goe,
that the fyend, mankyndes foe,
on hit have no power.

This bread I blesse with my hand,
in Jesus name I vnderstand,
the which ys lord of sea and land,
and kinge of heaven on hie.

In nomine patris, that all hath wrought,
Et filij virginis, that deare vs bought,
Et spiritus sancti, ys all my thought;
on god and persons three.

PRIMUS MORTUUS.

Alas, put that bread out of my sight:
to looke on hit I am not light.
that prynt that ys vppon hit pight
hit putts me to great feere.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

To looke on hit I am not light ;
that bread to me yt ys so bright,
and ys my foe both daye and night,
and putts me to great deare.

ENOCK.

Nowe, you men that have donne amys,
you see well what his power ys,
conwertes to him I read, I wys,
that you on roode hath bought.

TERTIUS REX.

A, nowe we knowe appertlye,
wee have binne brought in heresy :
with you to death we will for thye,
and never efte torne our thought.

QUARTUS REX.

Nowe, Enock and Helye, yt ys no naye,
you have taynted the tyrant this same daye.
blessed be Jesu borne of a maye,
on him I leeeve vpon.

PRIMUS REX.

Thou, fayture, feard with fantasye,
with sorcerye, wytchcrafte, and nygromancye,
thou hast vs lead in heresy.
fye on thy workes ychone.

SECUNDUS REX.

Jesu, for thy mycle grace,
forgyve vs all our trespasse,
and bringe vs to thy heavenlye place,
as thou art god and man.

Nowe am I wyse made through thy might :
blessed be thou, Jesu, daye and night
this greesely groome greetes him to fight
to flea vs here anonne.

TERTIUS REX.

Of our lyves lett vs not wreache,
though we be slayne of such a wretche,
for Jesus sake, that may vs teache
our soules to bringe to blys.

QUARTUS REX.

That was well sayd, and soe I assent :
to dye forsooth ys myne intent
for Christes love omnypotent
in cause that ys right wyse.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A, false faytures, turne you nowe ?
You shall be slayne, I make a vowe,
and those traytors that so turned you,
I shall make them vnfayne.

That all other by verey sight
 shall knowe that I am most of might,
 for with this sword nowe wyll I feight,
 for all you shall be slayne.

[*Tunc Antechristus occidet Enock et Heliam,
 et omnes reges conversos cum gladio, et redibit ad
 cathedram, cum dicat Michael cum gladio in
 dextera sua.*]

MICHAEL ARCHANGELUS.

Antechriste, nowe ys common this daye,
 reigne no longer nowe thou maye ;
 hee that hath led thee alwaye,
 nowe him thou must goe to.

No more men shall be slayne by thee :
 my lord will dead that thou bee ;
 hee that hath gyven thee this postee
 thy soule shall vnderfoe.

In synne ingendered first thou was,
 in synne ledd thy lyffe thou hasse,
 in synne an end nowe thou mase,
 that marred hasse manye one.

Nowe thou shalt knowe and wytt in hie,
 that more ys godds maiestie,
 then eke the dyvell and thyne therebye,
 for nowe thou shalt be deade.

Thou hase ever served Sathanas,
and had his power in everye place;
therefore thou getts nowe no grace:
with him thou must gonne.

*[Tunc Michael occidet Antechristum, et in
occidendo clamat Antechristus helpe ! helpe ! helpe !*

ANTECHRISTUS.

Helpe Sathanas, and Lucyfere,
Belzebubb, bould batchellere,
Ragnell, Ragnell, thou art my deare.
nowe fare I wonder evyll.

Alas, alas, where is my power?
alas, my wytt ys in a weare.
nowe bodye and soule both in feare,
and all goeth to the devyll

*[Tunc morietur Antechristus, et venient duo
demonēs et dicunt ut sequitur.*

PRIMUS DEMON.

Anonne, mayster, anonne, anone,
from hell ground I hard thee grone:
I thought not to come my selfe alonne,
for worshippe of thine estate.

With vs to hell thou shall gonne.
for this death wee make great mone,
to wynne more soules into our wonne,
but nowe yt ys to late.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

With mee thou shalt, from mee thou come,
 of mee shall come thy last doome,
 for thou hast well deserved :

And through my might, and my postee,
 thou hast lyved in dignitie,
 and many a soule deceyved

PRIMUS DEMON.

This bodye was gotten by myne assent
 in cleane whooredome verament ;
 of mother wombe or that he went
 I was him within :

And taught him aye with myne intent
 synne by which hee shalbe shent,
 for hee dyd my commaundement
 his soule shall never blynne.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Nowe, fellowe, in fayth great mone wee maye make,
 for this lord of estate that standes in this steed :
 manye a fatt morsell wee had for his sake
 of soules that should have bine saved in hell be the
 hydd :

[*Tunc capient animam ejus, et potius corpus.*

PRIMUS DEMON.

His soule with sorrowe in hand have I hent,
yee, pennance and payne soone shall hee feele :
to Lucyfere that lord yt shalbe present,
that burne shall as a brande, his sorrowe shall not
keele.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

This proctor of prophecye hath procured manye one
one his lawes for to leeve, and lost for his sake
theire soules be in sorrowe, and his shalbe soone :
such maistries through my might manye on I do
make.

*[Posteaque demones loquuti sunt, resurgens
Enock et Helias ab Antechristo cæsi, et auditori-
bus status suos commonstrabunt.]*

PRIMUS DEMON.

With Lucyfere, that lord, longe shall he lenge,
in a seate aye with sorrowe with him shall he sytt.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Yea, by the heeles in hell shall he henge,
in a dungeon deepe right in hell pytt.

PRIMUS DEMON.

To hell wyll I hye withowt anye fayle,
with this present of pryce thither to bringe.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Thou take him by the toppe, and I by the tayle :
a sorrowfull songe, in fayth, shall hee singe.

PRIMUS DEMON.

A fellowe, a dole looke that thow deale
to all this fayre companye hente or thou wend.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Yea, sorrowe and care ever shall the feele,
in hell shall they dwell at their last ende.

ENOCK.

A lord, that all shall leade,
and both deeme the quicke and deade
that reverence thee, thou on them reade,
and them through right releaved.

I was deade, and right here slayne,
but through thy might, lord, and thy mayne,
thou hast me reased vp agayne :
thee will I love and leeve.

HELIAS.

Yea, lord, blessed must thou bee,
my flesh glorified nowe I see,
wytt ney sleight agaynst thee
conspired may be by noe waye.

All that leeven in thee stydfastlye
thou helpes, lord, from all anoye ;
for dead I was, and nowe lyve I :
honored be thou aye.

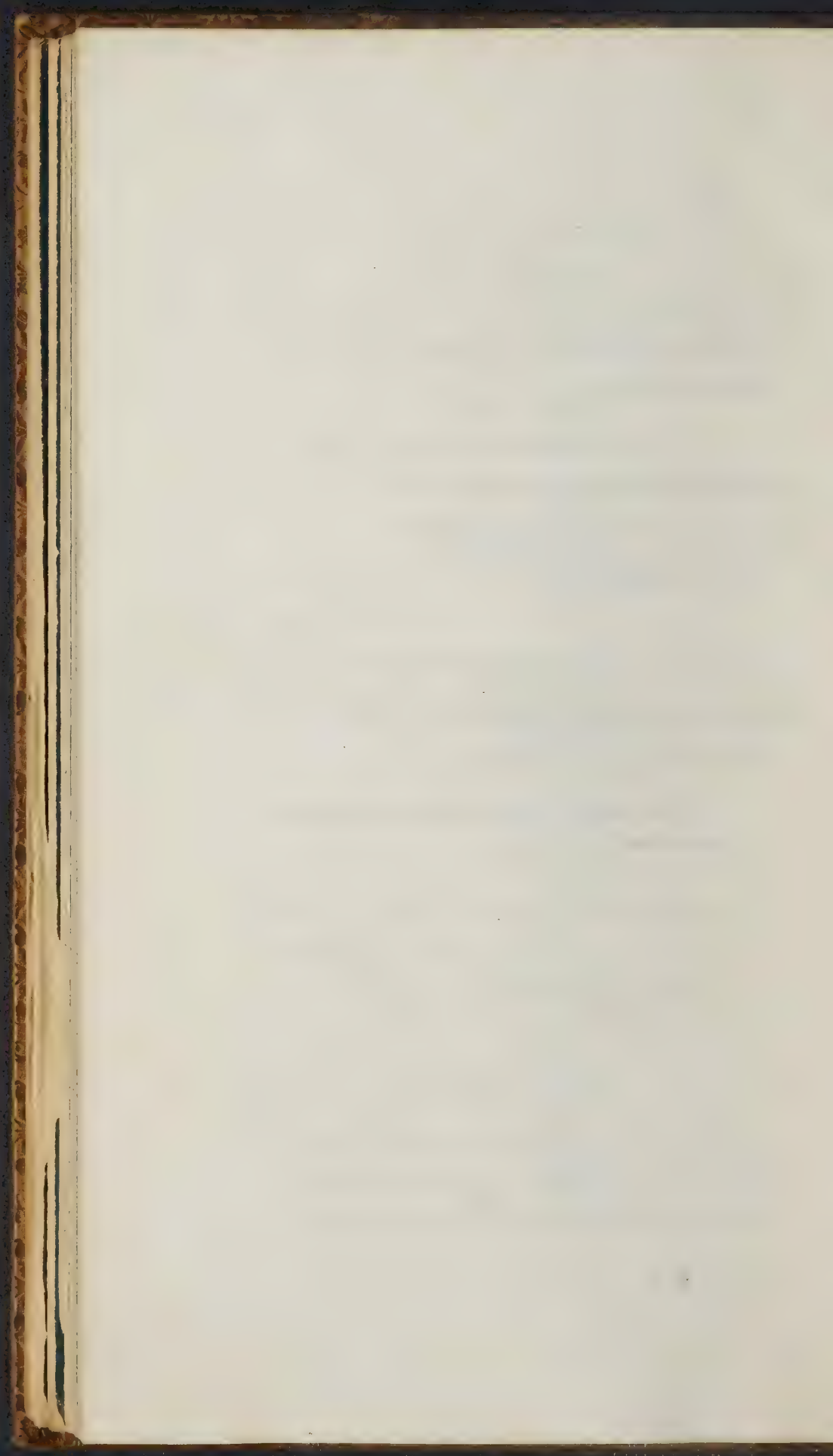
MYCHAELL.

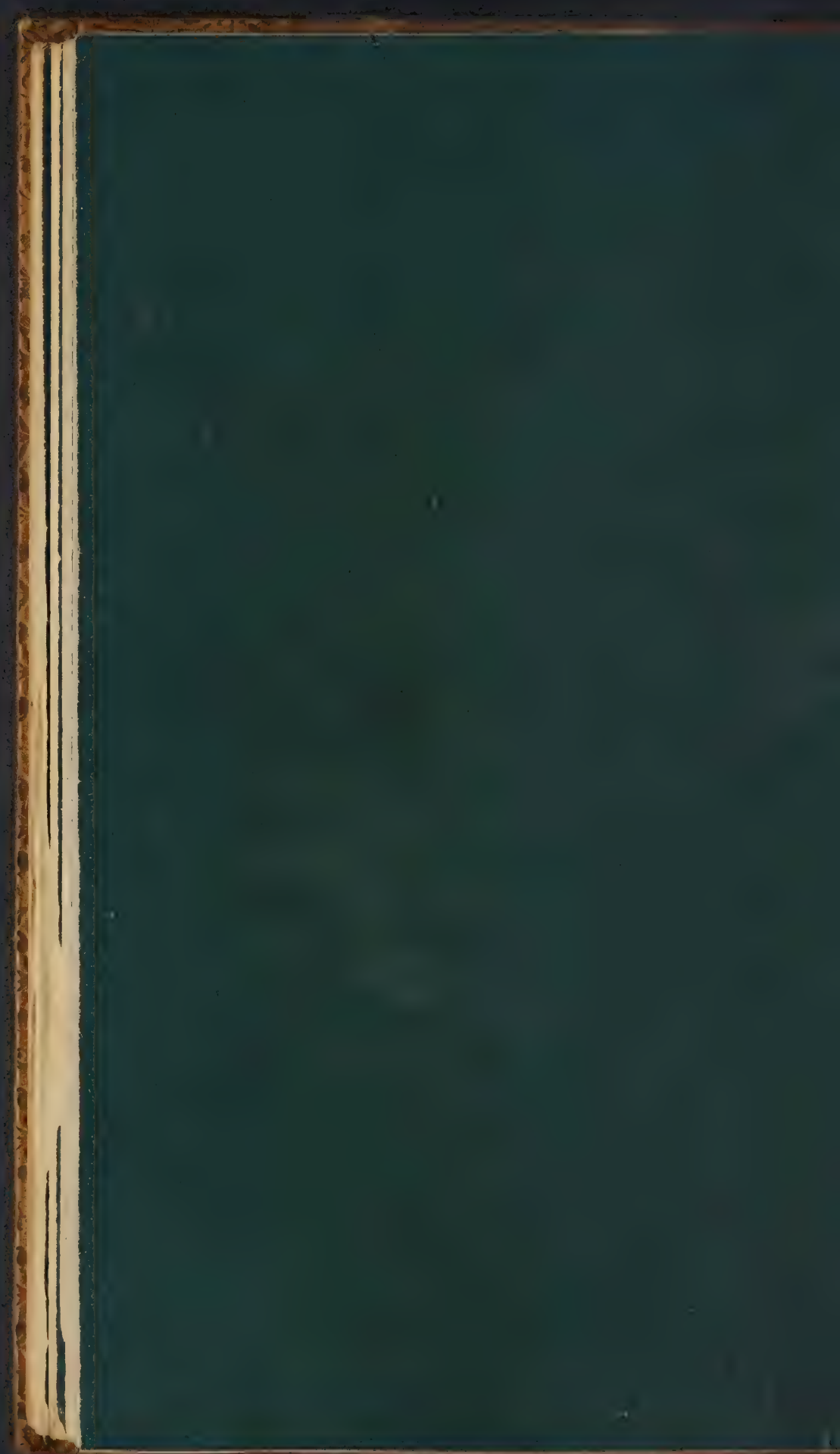
Enock and Helye, come you anon :
my lord wyll that you with mee gonne
to heaven blysse, both blood and bone,
evermore there to bee.

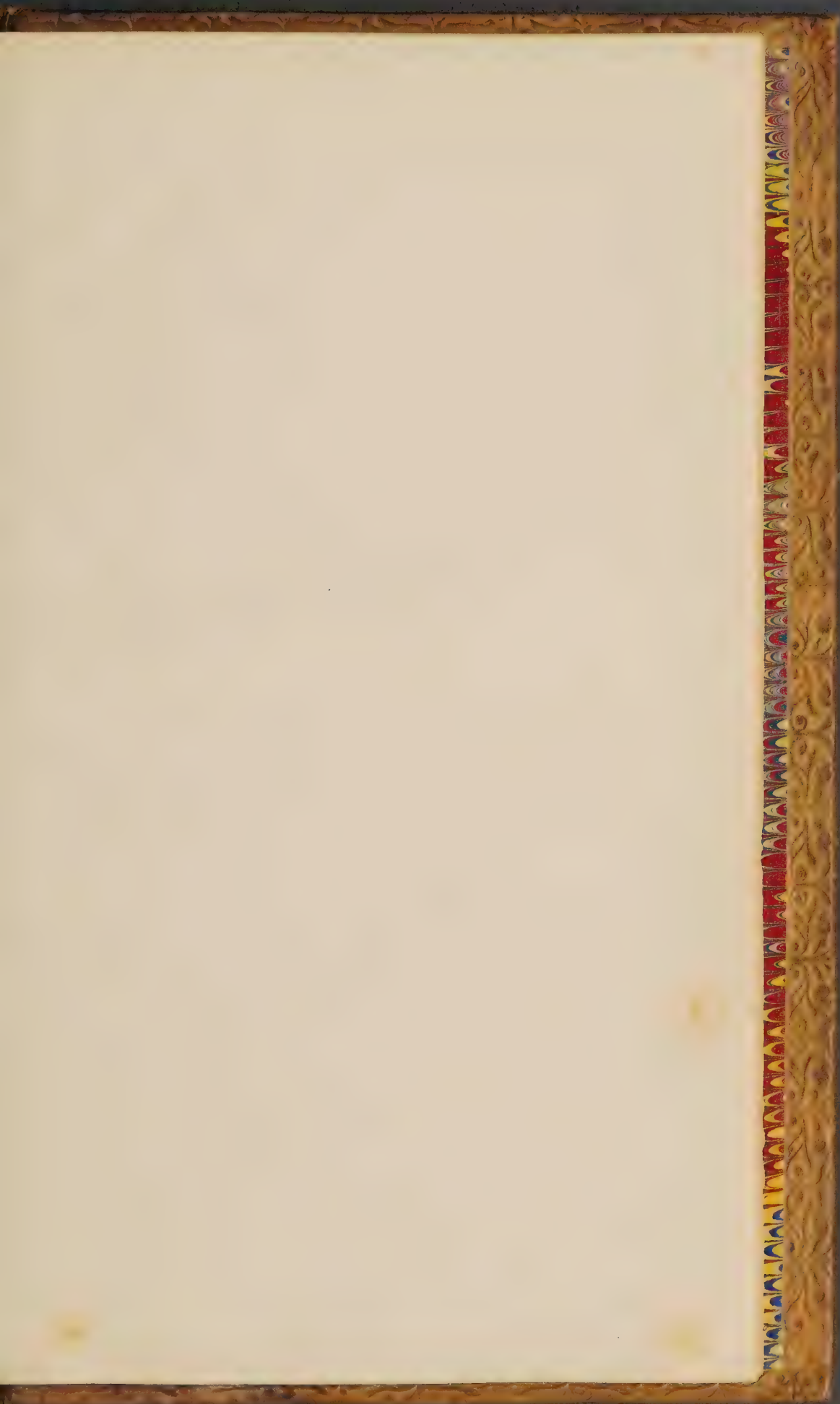
You have binne longe, for you bynne wyse,
dwellinge in yearthlye paradyce ;
but to heaven, where him selfe ys,
nowe shall you goe with mee.

[*Tunc abducens eos ad cælos cantabit angelus,
Gaudete justi in Domino : &c.*

Finis paginæ vicessimæ terciæ.







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